

Christian Endeavor Playlets

Compiled by
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Christian Endeavor Playlets

Short, Bright, Different

EDITED BY
HENRIETTA HERON

THE CINCINNATI BIBLE SEMINARY
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FOREWORD

THESE pageants, or playlets, were prepared primarily to provide that "something different" for the Sunday evening program of the Christian Endeavor. They center around themes used in the society. They are suitable, however, for any group where a simple, brief, entertaining, inspirational feature is desired. They may be used by Bible classes as a part of the opening worship service program in the Bible school, at missionary gatherings, prayer-meetings or evening church services.

The emphasis is upon the brevity and the simplicity of preparation. In most cases one rehearsal is all that is required, although the more careful and thorough the preparation the more effective the presentation. Many of the playlets adapt themselves to still greater simplification, and any one of them may be elaborated.

Those putting on the pageants are urged to use their own originality. Changes may be made, new features introduced, different songs used—the one important thing being that everything centers around the theme.

The songs suggested are all familiar, so words and music are not always given. If the songs can not be found in the song-books used by the local group, others suitable to the theme may be substituted.

The word "pageant" is used with liberty, for of course the word does not strictly apply to such simple playlets as these, but it seemed the best word available to describe them.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR PLAYLETS

FORCES THAT ARE MAKING THE WORLD BETTER

(Matt. 13: 1-9)

By DAISY M. MOORE

Characters represent fertile soil upon which the seed fell:

THE SOWER.

BIBLE.

SPEECH.

PEN.

BOOKS.

Life-sized posters may be used to cover the front of characters. The poster should represent the character. The poster for the Pen should be pen-shaped and the word "Pen" printed on in large letters. For Speech a large scroll may be used. For the Bible, an open book. For Books a closed book with the word "Books" printed on the cover. Or posters may be made smaller and held by speakers.

The Sower should be clothed in flowing raiment, such as was worn in Bible times, and should have a sack from which he throws the seed broadcast as he crosses the platform. He may recite as he walks. Be sure he speaks distinctly.

(Characters group themselves around the Sower.)

Sower—

A sower went forth to sow his seed,
And he cast it far and wide;
But some of it fell on stony ground
And some by the barren wayside.

But much of it fell on fertile soil,
Where the sunshine and gentle rain
Soon ripened the sower's precious seed
Into harvests of fruit and grain.

Bible—

The precious truths as old as time
I tell anew each day;
I teach men how to love and live
And how to work and pray.
Down through the ages I have come—
Man's never-changing friend—
To guide and comfort, cheer and guard,
All Christians to the end.

Speech—

I'm from the minds of wise, good folk,
Who think before they speak;
My influence goes far and wide,
It touches strong and weak.
Upon the platform I am found,
And in the pulpit, too;
My mission is to teach and train
And cleanse and strengthen you.

Pen—

I always strain a point to give,
To all who follow me,
A message that will fill their hearts
With love and charity.
I write of truth and honesty,
Of wisdom and of joy;
Sincerity and cheer I urge
On every girl and boy.

Book—

I come to everybody's home—
To rich and poor as well—
And willingly to one and all
My helpful stories tell.
My stories tell of boys and girls
With tasks like yours and mine,
Who bravely meet whatever comes,
With courage true and fine.

Characters in unison, "Who hath ears to hear, let him hear," and sing, "There's a Work that Waits Your Hand." If this song can not be found, substitute "Bringing in the Sheaves."

LOVING AS JESUS LOVED

(John 13: 1-17)

By DAISY M. MOORE

Characters are those whom Jesus loved.

MARY.

THE BLIND MAN.

PETER THE APOSTLE.

A LITTLE CHILD.

MODERN YOUTH (older boy or older girl who can sing).

Mary, the Blind Man and Peter should be dressed in the flowing garments and head-dress of Jesus' day.

A soloist behind the scenes sings "In the Garden."

Characters enter singly and give their parts, the Little Child being in center front of group. Modern Youth stands a little apart from and to the side of group. There, after giving his part, he sings one stanza of closing song.

Mary—

Our brother Lazarus was dead;
Sad were our hearts indeed;
Then Jesus came to Bethany—
Our Friend in time of need.

He loved our brother as did we,
And knew the grief we bore;
He called for Lazarus, and, lo,
Our brother lived once more!

Blind Man—

Blind had I been for many a year—
A beggar day by day;
Shut in from sun and sky until
The Saviour passed my way!

"Thou son of David, pity me!
Restore my sight!" I prayed.
To give me sight—O blessed gift—
The loving Jesus stayed!

Peter—

I, Peter, said unto the Lord:
 "Ye shall not wash *my* feet."
 But, stooping, He worked gently on,
 Replying, "It is meet."

"Serve one another," Jesus plead,
 "If ye would each be blest;
 The greatest in my Father's sight
 Is he who serves the best."

Little Child—

The Saviour took me in His arms,
 With face so kind and mild;
 He held me tenderly because
 He loves each little child.

When His disciples chided us
 For trying to come near,
 "Oh, let the children come," He said,
 "For heaven holds them dear."

Modern Youth—

And Jesus' love is just the same
 As in the long ago;
 He pities, heals and blesses us,
 And comforts in our woe.

"Love one another," He commands,
 "As ye have love for me."
 Then, let us pray and love and serve,
 And true Endeavorers be!

(Modern Youth sings one stanza of "Let Me Help Some One To-day," or some other suitable familiar song of consecration and loving service.)

[CURTAIN.]

SEEING THE GOOD IN MEN EVERYWHERE

(John 1: 45-51)

By DICIE M. RITTENHOUSE

CHARACTERS.

THE READER (who may or may not remain in sight of audience, as preferred).

INDIA. (Costume, if worn, sleeveless white robe, white cloth upon the head, much as a housewife pins a towel about her head before sweeping, leaving the ends free and hanging down over shoulders.)

AFRICA. (Costume similar to that of India, with earrings, strings of shells or other fanciful adornment; bare feet.)

CHINA. (A pajama suit, round skull-cap, with long, braided queue, which may be fastened to cap.)

AMERICAN INDIAN. (Feather head-dress, khaki suit with strips of yellow cloth slashed into fringes and sewed on garments for buckskin trimming.)

AMERICAN. (Ordinary attire.)

Curtain rises as choir sings, "O Zion, Haste!" (the first stanza and refrain; No. 233 in "Hymns of Praise," the Hope Publishing Company, Chicago).

Reader (slowly and impressively)—

Each human being is a link
In humanity's endless chain;
Eternal life the shining goal
Which all men hope to gain.

All men are brothers, brothers all—
Brown, yellow, red, or black, or white;
There is good in every man
Who strives for the truth and the right.

India (enters and speaks)—

I stand for India—
I speak for the brown links;
To the great plan of life we bring
Examples of patient endurance,
Love for each living thing.

We're a humble race, a long-suff'ring race;
We strive not for wealth or renown;
We hope for the day when the world will know
There is good in the links of brown.

China (speaks, bowing, with hand on heart, to audience)—

China—one of the yellow links
In the human chain am I;
That we are examples of patient thrift
No man can deny.

We respect and care for our aged ones,
And our laws are not made in vain;
We ask you to believe there is *some* good
In the yellow links of the chain.

American Indian (speaks)—

I stand for the red links
Who bring to the chain
Brave, silent endurance
Of anguish and pain;

And love for our ancestors,
And love for our native sod,
And faith in the Great Spirit
That you palefaces call God.

Africa (speaks)—

I stand for Africa, the dark, dark link,
And ours a dark, dark land;
We long to be led into the light
By a kindly, friendly hand.

For through the shadows of our lives
The light of God's grace hath shone;
Oh, teach us His word, show us the way
That will lead us up to His throne!

America (speaks)—

As a white link in the human chain,
As a follower of the cross,
I claim there's good in ev'ry man,
Much gold mixed with the dross.

The holy bonds of brotherhood,
Pray I may ne'er mar nor stain,
For ev'ry link must do its part
To help keep strong the chain.

The Reader—

All men are brothers, brothers all,
Links in the human chain;
Eternal life the shining goal
Which all men hope to gain.

Each fills his own appointed place
In the great, eternal plan;
Be he any color, any race,
There is good in every man.

God is the Father of us all,
So in each one there must be good;
Christ, the universal Saviour,
Binds all in one great brotherhood.

(Choir sings third stanza of "O Zion, Haste!" The five links stand together for a moment, then file slowly off the platform, *America* leading, while choir is still singing.)

[CURTAIN.]

HOW CAN WE SERVE THE WORLD THROUGH OUR CHURCH?

(Acts 13:1-3)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVENGER

CHARACTERS.

A SINGER, who is heard, but not seen.

POVERTY, dressed in black garment.

SIN, dressed in scarlet garment.

THE CHURCH, dressed in white robe.

BOY FROM THE C. E. SOCIETY.

GIRL FROM THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

OLDER GIRL FROM MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

(Each should wear his or her name on a band around the arm, or a streamer from shoulder to waist.)

GROUP REPRESENTING THE UNFORTUNATE OF THE WORLD (an orphan, old couple, ragged boy of the street, sinful woman, women of India and other foreign countries).

Before the curtain rises, solo voice sings—

“Rescue the perishing, care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
Weep o’er the erring one, lift up the fallen,
Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.”

(The curtain is then drawn. On the platform is the group representing the unfortunate of the world. They are crouched down on the floor with heads bowed. Some have chains on their arms. Poverty stands with a whip in his hand, while Sin is bending over, in the act of putting chains on one of the group.)

Poverty (cracking his whip)—You are at my mercy. You shall never know the true and finer things of life. Homeless, uneducated, in misery and poverty, so shall your lot be. I will drive you with my whip, while Sin binds you with his chains.

Sin (rattling his chains)—With my chains I bind you fast. You are my slaves. What chance will you ever have in the world, I’d like

to know. [Turns to Poverty.] Let us be gone. We have many other places to visit. These we have overcome.

Poverty—It is well. Let us go.

Solo Voice (sings)—

“Rescue the perishing, duty demands it;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand’rer a Saviour has died.”—CHO.

Enter the Church—Another group of needy people! How many there are in the world! Little girl, what is your trouble?

Orphan Girl—My father and mother are dead. I have no home and I am very poor. Poverty and Sin have robbed me of all I have in the world.

The Church (to grandmother)—And you? Why are you cast down, my friend?

Grandmother—Death has robbed me of my loved ones. I have a few friends, but Poverty has made it impossible for them to help me. I am homeless, old and weary.

The Church (to little boy of the streets)—Little boy, why are you not in school?

Boy of the Street—School? What is that? I never went to school.

The Church (to foreign group)—Why do you weep, my friends?

One Speaks (as they look up)—Why do we weep, do you ask? We live in poverty, ignorance, superstition and fear. We have no hope, no peace. Sad indeed is our fate.

The Church (to sinful woman)—And you? Do you also think all is lost?

Sinful Woman—I am sick in body and soul. I have nowhere to go. But you look like a friend. Can you help us?

The Church—Indeed I can! “Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow. Though they be like crimson, they shall be as wool,” is the hope I bring. I do not come alone. See! these are my helpers. [Sunday School, Christian Endeavor and Missionary Societies enter.] These are friends who will relieve your suffering in the name of Jesus Christ.

Little Boy—Jesus Christ? Who is He?

The Church—He is the Saviour of the world. He gave His life upon a cross to save you. In His name we build hospitals to care for the sick and dying. We build homes for the aged. [Sunday School

goes to the old couple and lifts them up; puts an arm around the sinful woman.] We establish schools to educate boys and girls who have never had a chance in the world. We build orphanages to care for the homeless. [Boy from the Christian Endeavor society goes to the orphans and boy of the street, putting his arms around them.] We send workers to the foreign lands to tell them of Jesus and put into their lives the joy we have in Him. [Girl from Missionary Society takes the nations by the hands and lifts them to their feet, removing the chains. They stand hand in hand.]

The Unfortunates of the World (in unison)—We accept Jesus Christ and your help in His name.

(The Church stands in the center with the others grouped in a semi-circle. They all sing:)

“Down in the human heart, crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart, wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.”—CHO.

[CURTAIN.]

THE CHALLENGE OF CHRIST TO THE YOUTH OF THE WORLD

(Matt. 10: 16-42)

By MABEL M. BROWNE

SCENE—A living-room. Two young men and two young women sit, reading. At the left is a library table with a shaded reading-lamp. An arm-chair is beside it, with its back to the audience. A man, wearing the gown and collar of a scholar, sits in the arm-chair, reading. He represents Knowledge and Experience.

First Young Man—Let me read you a bit of this. [Young people look up, ready to listen. He reads dramatically.] The first century dawned upon a most glorious period of Roman history. The great Augustus ruled. His empire flung its boundaries from the Atlantic to the Euphrates, from the forests of Germany and the bleak steppes of Scythia to the sands of the African desert and the dreary wastes of Arabia. Hemmed within these boundaries set by nature were more than one hundred million people, embracing every conceivable condition and variety in race and culture—rough barbarian of Gaul and luxury-loving aesthete of the East. It was the golden age for architecture and art and letters. Rome changed from a city of brick to a city of marble; poets wrote classic lines, and statesmen spoke orations unequaled in style and purity. Rome ruled the world. Her law was supreme. Her banners waved. [Looking up from the book.] Could anything be more powerful than the great Roman Empire in the first century?

Knowledge and Experience (rising and coming to face them; they listen to him with interest)—Yes. In the midst of this glorious reign of Augustus, in a remote corner of a far colony of the empire, a child was born. The event was unheralded at Rome. The throne nor the senate took notice of His birth. Yet the birth of this child was of profound significance, not only for the Roman Empire, but for all the world.

While intrigue was crumbling the great empire of Rome, this child was growing in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man.

When infamy and tyranny on the throne were threatening all men's lives, this child, grown to early manhood, went about His quiet way, speaking words of counsel and wisdom that were to heal the heart of the world throughout all ages.

When profligacy and hatred enmeshed Him, His body was crucified on the cross. Three days later He rose, triumphant over death, to fling His challenge to the *youth of the world*—the challenge to carry on the message of everlasting life, the glory of God's righteousness, the healing power of Christian love, the inspiration of high ideals, the brotherhood of mankind.

A few hundred years later, when reckless, uncivilized hordes from the north swept Rome to her ruin, youth, with unparalleled missionary spirit, clung to the task of spreading the "glad tidings," and centuries later youth and the message rose from the darkness of massacre and vandalism to convert the barbarians themselves, and to set up again the standards and ideals of this leader. [He pauses, thinking. Changes position, as though coming back to the original question. Speaks directly to first young man.]

You ask if anything could be more powerful than the great Roman Empire of the first century? And I answer that the life and the message of one young Man, unknown, quietly going about teaching the people in a far colony, were more important than the whole monarchy, more important because it was the "spirit of the Father" which spoke through Him. [He turns as though to return to his chair and book.]

Second Young Man—Let me read you from another page. [All look toward him, ready to listen. Knowledge and Experience pauses.] It relates, let us say, the events of two centuries—from the middle of the fifteenth century to the middle of the seventeenth century—an age of inventions and discovery. [He reads:] The new magnetic compass encouraged bold, adventurous mariners to steer their vessels into unknown seas; gunpowder revolutionized war by lifting the peasant to the level of the knight; movable types for printing put knowledge within the reach of all who would read; men like Columbus pushed the frontiers to new boundaries, and men like Vasco da Gama opened new highways for commerce. Men "thought God's thoughts after Him" in the realm of science and astronomy. Raphael and Angelo and da Vinci painted the story of Christianity in masterpieces that can not be equaled. Feudalism was gone and diplomacy between states was coming. [He looks up and speaks to others.] These men were great truth-lovers and progress-makers. And there was also a growing

social consciousness, the brotherhood of man idea. [Addresses Knowledge and Experience directly.] Surely in this period youth was meeting the challenge of Christ to be "a testimony for his sake."

Knowledge and Experience—Yes, I would say so. But you have overlooked one movement of that particular period of history that has been of intense significance to humanity, the Reformation, led by the *Christian* youth of that day. The Reformation was the great "discovery" in religion, the discovery of the right of private judgment, the idea of direct contact of the mind with the Scriptures, and the need of individual understanding and faith in God to meet individual responsibility. This brought about an altered type of Christian life. People and nations have been influenced by it. Read further and your history will record a new civilization rising out of it.

First Young Woman—The more one thinks about it, the more interesting life becomes. People have lived on the earth and died, lived on the earth and died, lived on the earth and died. And with each generation something new has come. There have been the same endeavors and triumphs and despairs, only they have been about new things. It is always a changing world, and it seems to be the function of each new generation to make the changes that are needful at the time.

Knowledge and Experience—You are right. Past deeds never fill present needs. No individual, no social organization, can continue on the basis of what it has done. Every living thing must live to-day, or else it begins to-day to die. Life is kept new and fluid by the ideas and ideals that youth is able to infuse into institutions and social purposes.

Second Young Woman—And Jesus explains clearly that fear has no place in these ideals and purposes. "He that *endureth* to the end shall be saved." [If time permits, one of the four can here turn to Matt. 10:16-42. These verses should be read with force, dramatically. They will be very effective if recited, instead of read.]

Knowledge and Experience—That is His challenge, plainly spoken. Physical dangers, social ostracism, emotional agony—these things may come. They must be endured. They pass. The soul alone abides.

You at this moment have the honor to belong to a generation living in a great day, the beginning of a new age. Listen and you hear the call for men and women to carry on the work of righteousness, of charity, of practical sympathy. New issues call. They must be met and solved with courage, patience, loyalty.

Can you meet Christ's challenge and volunteer for service as

young men and young women of faith, of charity, of Christian insight?
Can you serve the Master in the cause of humane and brave living?
Heralds of "good tidings"?

(Young Men and Young Women rise to sing, and Knowledge and Experience returns to his chair and reading, hidden from the audience by the arm-chair.)

Song—"Almighty God, with One Accord, We Offer Thee Our Youth." (Hymn to be sung as a dedication. May be used as a solo if quartet is not possible. Other familiar consecration song may be substituted, if necessary.)

"Almighty Lord, with one accord,
We offer Thee our youth,
And pray that thou would'st give us now
The warfare of the truth.

"Thy cause doth claim our souls by name,
Because that we are strong;
In all the land, one stedfast band,
May we to Christ belong.

"Let fall on every college hall
The luster of Thy cross,
That love may dare Thy work to share,
And count all else as loss.

"Our hearts be ruled, our spirits schooled,
Alone Thy will to seek;
And when we find Thy blessed mind,
Instruct our lips to speak. Amen."

(No. 687, "The Methodist Hymnal.")

[CURTAIN.]

JESUS TEACHING US TO SERVE

(Matt. 20: 20-28)

By IRMA B. IMHOFF

Reader (before curtain rises)—

Jesus, teaching us to serve,
Through the sons of Zebedee,
Warns from service not to swerve,
Not to crave authority;
But we must be servants all,
Giving love and charity,
For it's thus we heed the call,
Serving our community.

(Curtain rises. Girl in flowing, white robes, with large sash diagonally across her breast, bearing the word "Community" in large, readable letters [paper sash with printed letters will do], is seated on a throne in center of platform. Enter two young men, who bow low as they approach the throne.)

Community—Well, speak, citizen, that I may know what brings you.

First Citizen—O queen, I have heard that a very high office in your kingdom—one which gives command of many—is about to be filled, and I come to announce myself a candidate.

Community—So you would be in a position to rule, would you? Why?

First Citizen—Even so, I would be in a position to rule, so that I may command my servants to obey me. Then, too, I understand that the office pays very well.

Community (turning to Second Citizen)—And you, are you another candidate?

Second Citizen—No, Your Honor; my aspirations are not so high and noble. I have merely come to ask that I may be permitted to clean up your streets.

Community—And you, of course, expect to be paid for this?

Second Citizen—Oh, no, Your Honor; I am not seeking gain through

any service to you; it is only through love of you that I wish our streets to be fair and orderly.

Community—O citizens! it is strange you came together—two such opposite types. But hear me, both of you. As for the office of high command [turning to First Citizen], you are not the sort of man I would have fill it, for it is plain to be seen you think only of yourself. But you, O cleaner of streets, you think not of yourself; your first consideration is how you can be of service. It is true we need both a ruler and a street-cleaner—both are essential—but I would have a ruler that had the right spirit of service—to rule by *serving*, and not by commanding. And so, O street-cleaner, I give you this office of high command. In it you can see that our streets are cleaned. [Second Citizen bows in acceptance.]

First Citizen—O queen, I stand convicted. Your words are true. Hereafter I shall heed them; I go to clean the streets.

Community—There are many ways to serve me, your community—through charity, clean living, law enforcement, high ideals—and you both can assist in these things, always bearing in mind the true spirit of service. [Exit two Citizens.]

(After the two Citizens leave the platform, the girl on the throne unpins the sash, and, turning it on the other side, which has the word “Christianity” or “Church” printed on it, fastens it in place. The reader then reads second verse of poem:)

Jesus, teaching us to serve,
Through the sons of Zebedee,
Warns from service not to swerve,
Not to crave authority;
But we must be servants all,
Giving love and charity;
It is thus we heed the call,
Serving Christianity.

(Enter a young lady and a young man, who bow low.)

Church—Well, O Christians, speak, that I may know what brings you.

Young Man—I have just learned that the position of superintendent of the Bible school is vacant. I wish to announce myself a candidate.

Church—So you would be in a position to rule? Why?

Young Man—Well, for several reasons. I would gain prestige

among my fellow-Christians, and I am sure I am more capable of filling that position than those who have gone before [complacently].

Church—And you, young woman, are you, too, an office-seeker?

Young Woman—No, Church, I am not worthy to hold office. I merely came to ask permission to cleanse thy sanctuary. I have noticed that dust lies thick upon the pews, and our plate is in sore need of polishing.

Church—So you are unworthy to hold office; instead, you would serve with humble labor! It is always so—those who would rule and those who would serve!—and more often those who would *serve* are those who *should rule*, merely lacking the training. You who would rule, do you think your motives are Christian? No! They are selfish! But if you think you can fill that position in order to best *serve* those over whom you have authority, then you may fill it.

Young Man—O Church, your rebuke is just. I was selfish. I was seeking position for personal honor. I see it now. Henceforth I shall rule by serving. [Turns to young woman:] Will you help me?

Young Woman—I help you? I be assistant superintendent? Why, I am unlearned in the ways of ruling; how can I help?

Young Man—By just being yourself and serving our common cause.

Church—Well said. There are many ways of serving me, your Church—by praying, teaching, good works, kind words of encouragement, singing, good influence. And now my blessing on both of you, and may you accomplish much before the night comes.

(One verse of "Work, for the Night Is Coming.")

[CURTAIN.]

HOW MUCH SHOULD WE STRIVE FOR MATERIAL THINGS?

(Luke 12:13-31)

By EVA R. BAIRD

PARTICIPANTS.

GIRL, sewing on dainty dress.

GIRL, mixing a cake (utensils and ingredients at hand).

BOY, working with carpenter's tools on sash for screen.

SIX YOUNGER CHILDREN, representing:

Herald of Love.

Herald of Courtesy.

Herald of Kindness.

Herald of Helpfulness.

Herald of Prayer.

Herald of Faith.

(Each Herald wears his or her name.)

Girl with Dress (holding it up and looking at it admiringly)—Oh, isn't it lovely? I'm glad now that I worked so hard. No one at the banquet will have a prettier dress than I.

Girl Mixing Cake—Nor will there be any cake served that beats my angel food. I do like to do anything the best of anybody, don't you?

Girl with Dress—Yes, but nobody will know it is your cake. My dress is I, and I am my dress. [Shaking it out.]

Boy (looking up from sawing)—You've said it, Sis; the same here. This sleeping-porch I'm making is me all right. I'm going to sleep in it all summer, when I get it finished. Some family! I'll say we are. If we were cast on a desert island, I could build us a house, you [nodding to Girl with Cake] could feed us, and you [nodding to Girl with Dress] could clothe us. And what more does a body want?

(Six Heralds enter.)

Herald of Love—

Nowhere under heaven above
Can folks be happy without *love*.

Herald of Courtesy—

Clothed in rags your soul will be,
If you have not courtesy.

Herald of Kindness—

Kindness with the table spread,
Flavors all our daily bread.

Herald of Helpfulness—

Helpfulness, where'er you roam,
Makes each transient place a home.

Herald of Prayer—

The true power of life is prayer;
It sweetens life everywhere.

Herald of Faith—

Faith in God gives courage strong;
It puts in the heart a song.

Boy (standing upright and facing the Heralds)—Well, well, I guess you're right. Life is more than food, and the body is more than raiment. [He turns to the girls.] Are we on the wrong track, so busy with building and sewing and cooking?

Girl with Cake—Not a bit of it. Cake for a banquet may not be so important, but, if I put kindness in cooking, I'll be a new kind of food expert, the kind that the world needs. Jesus fed the hungry.

Girl with Dress—And if I put on courtesy with every new dress, I shall be so charming that I'll forget my own charm. Courtesy is thinking of others first. Why, that is Jesus' way of living.

Girl with Cake—And all of us can be faithful in prayer and hold to our faith in God, no matter what comes.

Boy—I guess you are right, Sis; the real life is in the heart, and if the heart is right, material things take second place. How simple and plain and practical that makes Jesus' words: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all needed things shall be added unto you."

Girl with Dress—He certainly taught the way of life, didn't He? From now on I will try to put first things first.

Boy—Christ was a young man, so His way of life shall be my way.

Song by Heralds—"More Holiness Give Me," or other familiar, suitable consecration song.

WHY IS CHRISTIANITY THE ONLY ADEQUATE RELIGION?

(Acts 4: 8-12; John 3: 16)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVINGER

CHARACTERS.

A CHRISTIAN, dressed in white.

A MOHAMMEDAN, Arab costume.

A BUDDHIST, Hindu costume.

(At one side of the platform stands a Buddhist with his prayer-wheel. This can be any kind of a wheel with characters to represent the Hindu language pasted around the edge. As she turns it her lips move in prayer. On the other side is the Mohammedan kneeling on her prayer-rug, bowing low three times as they do in this faith. In the center the Christian kneels beside a cross. As the curtain is drawn, a solo voice sings the first verse of "Sweet Hour of Prayer." At the close the Christian rises. She speaks to the Mohammedan.)

Christian—To whom are you praying?

Mohammedan—To Allah. I serve Mohammed. Three times a day do I turn my face toward Mecca in prayer. We have many things revealed to us in dreams, omens and jinns. We wear charms to insure good luck. Mohammed is the only prophet of God, but many do not believe. We win many of our converts at the point of the sword.

Christian—Where is Mohammed now, my friend?

Mohammedan—He is dead.

Christian (to Buddhist)—Why do you pray as you turn that wheel?

Buddhist—This is the Buddhist prayer-wheel. This we turn, and when it stops we offer the prayer it indicates. I worship Buddha. He is dead, as is Mohammed, but he lives again in some other form. When we die we are immediately born again as an animal or something else, according as we have lived in this life. If we do an evil deed, it follows us in these other forms. When we are wicked we are born again in one of the 136 Buddhist hells. A Buddhist lives in constant fear. When any calamity befalls, we know it has come

through some evil deed we have committed in some previous life. What is that cross for, and why do you kneel there in prayer?

Christian—It is the cross of Calvary, the cross upon which the Saviour of the world died. He lived a pure life upon the earth. He was without sin. Was Mohammed without sin?

Mohammedan—No; he was as other men.

Christian—Was Buddha without sin?

Buddhist—He suppressed his desires, but he did not conquer all sin.

Christian—Jesus Christ died upon the cross, but He conquered death and rose again. He came back to earth before witnesses who saw Him and talked with Him and ate with Him. He also raised others from the dead. You say Buddha and Mohammed are dead. I declare to you that Jesus Christ lives, and all who believe in Him shall never die. In Jesus all fear and superstition are taken away. We who follow Him live in perfect peace. Jesus forgives past sin and helps us overcome the power of Satan. His followers win others to Him through love. His gospel is love and service. We build hospitals for the sick and dying. We educate and uplift wherever His gospel is preached. I bid you come to the foot of the cross and accept the Lord of lords, and King of kings, as your Saviour and Lord.

Buddhist (laying his prayer-wheel at the foot of the cross)—I would worship Him who gives peace and rest, who can forgive my sins, one who now lives.

Mohammedan—I, too, would follow One who can save my soul through all eternity, and is living now and helping with every-day problems. I need such a Saviour.

(Christian sings "No Other One Like Jesus," page 146 in "Wonder Hymns of faith" [The Standard Publishing Company], as the others kneel at either side of the cross.

[CURTAIN.]

RECRUITING FOR CHRIST

(Matt. 9: 35-38)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVINGER

CHARACTERS.

FARMER BOY, in overalls, with hoe.

SUNSHINE GIRL, with bulbs and watering-bucket.

CHRISTIAN GIRL, with New Testament.

SCENE I.

(As the first and second verses of "Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest" are sung, the characters slowly take their places on the platform, the girl with New Testament in the center.)

Farmer Boy—People are dying for food in many places over the world to-day. I must be at my task sowing the seed that will provide a bountiful harvest. Men are leaving the farms for the lure of the city. I would be a faithful servant in the harvest-field of the world.

(As he departs, hidden singers sing:)

"Sowing in the sunshine,

Sowing in the shadows,

Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;

By and by the harvest and the labor ended,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

Sunshine Girl—My mission in life is to plant a garden of smiles and gladness. Many lonely hearts in the world can be made glad by just a kind word, a smile or a flower. Laborers are needed in this field of service. I must be on my way to plant the seeds of joy and sunshine in sad and lonely hearts.

(As she departs they sing:)

"Sowing in the morning,

Sowing seeds of kindness,

Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;

Waiting for the harvest and the time of reaping;

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves."

Christian Girl—Laborers in the harvest of grain and happiness are truly needed. But how much more are workers needed in the harvest-field of lost souls! I would scatter the seed of His love into the hearts of men and women everywhere. Millions are lost because they have never heard. I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day. The night cometh when no man can work. The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.

(As she departs they sing:)

“Go, then, ever weeping,
Sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping’s over, He will bid us welcome;
We shall come rejoicing, bringing souls to Christ.

SCENE II.

(Characters as before. Farmer Boy carries some token of the harvest of grain. Sunshine Girl carries a basket of flowers. Christian Girl comes with a group of some of the nations in costume. Farmer Boy and Sunshine Girl at opposite ends of the platform, with Christian Girl and her harvest of souls grouped in the center. As the third verse of “Ho! Reapers of Life’s Harvest” is sung, they take their places on the platform.)

Christian Girl—The laborers of the Lord’s harvest have been faithful at their task, and, behold, the harvest has been fruitful. Hungry men and women and little children have been fed with food, gladness and love. But many other fields lie white unto the harvest, waiting for willing hearts and hands. Souls are dying everywhere without the knowledge of the Saviour who can bring peace into their troubled hearts. Many who have heard turn away because they do not understand His message nor His invitation that “whosoever will may come.” Let us dedicate our lives to win others to Christ, and “pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that he will send forth laborers into his harvest.”

(Entire group sings the last verse of “Ho! Reapers of Life’s Harvest.” At the close, Christian Girl offers prayer for personal workers in the Lord’s service.)

[CURTAIN.]

HOW TO BECOME A CHRISTIAN

(Acts 2: 37-41; 16: 30, 31)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVENGER

CHARACTERS.

A CHRISTIAN, in white robe carries a Bible.

A SINNER, in black robe.

(There should be a door at the back of the platform with the words "Whosoever Will May Come" at the top. The door is open. The Sinner enters the platform from the direction opposite the door.)

Sinner—How long and tiresome my journey has been! I am thirsty and hungry, but nothing satisfies. I will rest here awhile. [Sinks to floor.]

(Song comes through open door, "All Things Are Ready, Come to the Feast." As much of the song as desired may be sung. The Sinner rises, looks at the door, takes a few steps toward it, stops, walks back, as though hesitating. The Christian steps out from the open door, pauses a moment, and then speaks.)

Christian—My friend, why do you hesitate? The banquet is ready; the guests have assembled; the Lord is waiting. Have you not heard the invitation, "Whosoever will may come"?

Sinner—Good friend, I have heard the invitation, but I am not dressed suitably to enter a banquet hall, in the presence of the Lord of lords. My heart, too, is full of sin. How sad indeed is my condition!

Christian—Yes, it is very sad; but, in spite of all this, the Lord bids you come. He will change your garment for one white as snow. Your heart He can make pure again. He died upon the cross to purchase your salvation. He will forgive your past sins and help you to live a godly life in the future.

Sinner—Tell me more. How can this come to pass?

Christian—First, you must believe. If you believe on Him and obey His commandments, you need never thirst again. He will give you to drink of the living water. You need never be hungry; He will feed you upon the bread of life. This is His promise. [Opens

Bible and reads.] Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, thou and thy house" (Acts 16:31).

Sinner—I believe!

Christian—Then you must repent of your sins. [Reads.] Rev. 3:19: "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent."

Sinner—What does repentance mean?

Christian—It means turning your back upon your sins and your face toward Jesus Christ. It means forsaking your old life for this new life in Him.

Sinner—My old life has been a burden to me. It is filled with doubts and fear. I will gladly turn my back upon it if He will accept me.

Christian—He will accept you if you will accept Him. Listen! [Reads.] Luke 12:8: "Also I say unto you, Whosoever shall confess me before men, him shall the Son of man also confess before the angels of God."

Sinner—The Lord of lords, will He truly acknowledge a sinner like me before the angels of heaven?

Christian—That is His promise.

Sinner—I will gladly acknowledge Him to all I meet.

Christian—Then you are ready to change your garment and make ready for the banquet hall.

Sinner—How can I do this, seeing I do not have another?

Christian (reads)—Acts 2:38: "Repent ye, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ unto the remission of your sins; and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit." [Also reads Rev. 3:5; Rom. 6:4, 5; Rev. 7:9; Isa. 61:10. Slips of paper should be inserted so reader can turn to these references with ease.]

Sinner—I will obey His command and be baptized. Let us hasten before the banquet is over and it be forever too late.

Christian—There is joy in the presence of the angels in heaven. (As they depart, the song "There Is Joy"—first and second verses—is sung by singers through the open door.)

[CURTAIN.]

HOW THE CHURCH HELPS US TO LIVE THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

(Heb. 10:19-25)

By IRMA B. IMHOFF

(Two girls in knickers and sweaters, and two boys in sport clothes, carrying picnic baskets, enter from the right and walk onto the platform, talking merrily as they enter, and stop center of platform, when they all call: "Yoo-hoo, Dorothy!")

Mary—Hurry up; we are all ready.

Louise—Where's John?

Jim—I guess he's in the house, waiting for her.

Jerry—Funny he doesn't come out.

(Enter from left Dorothy, dressed for church.)

Mary—Why, Dorothy! Why aren't you ready?

Louise—Must we wait till you dress?

Jim—Where's John?

Jerry—Did you forget about our picnic?

Dorothy—Wait a minute; one at a time. First, I am not ready for the picnic because I am not going, and John is not here because he is not going either.

(Chorus of "Ohs!" and "Whys?" from girls and boys.)

Mary—I didn't think you'd desert us like this.

Dorothy—Well, I felt it would be better to desert you than to desert my church and my God. [Silence for a second, while girls and boys exchange glances.]

Louise—But you were very much in favor of the picnic when we planned it.

Dorothy—Yes, I know—that was before I studied my C. E. lesson for to-night. You see, it is on "How the Church Helps Us to Live the Christian Life"—and then I felt I couldn't afford to miss one bit of that help.

Jim—What do you mean, Dorothy?

Dorothy—Well, you all know I haven't been a Christian as long as you have, and perhaps I need more help than you do; but, since

studying my lesson, I find that, when I neglect attending church, I am losing the most valuable help to be found anywhere.

Jerry—Oh, come now, Dorothy; you aren't such a sinner as all that. You can miss one Sunday without its hurting you. I'm sure if we can do it, you can.

Mary—Yes, indeed. I'm not going to tie myself down to church every Sunday.

Dorothy—But really we have all the rest of the week in which to picnic.

Louise—Now, just what would you be missing if you stayed away from church?

Dorothy—Well, first I find great value in just being with others who are in as great a need for help as I, and who are there for the purpose of receiving it.

Jim (offended)—In other words, you think we aren't good enough company for you any more?

Dorothy—Why, no, Jim; I don't mean that at all. You know you like to be with people who are interested in the same things you are—baseball, for instance. Well, I am very much interested in Christian living.

Jerry—All right; we get you. Go ahead. What other valuable things are we missing?

Dorothy—Well, I feel I need the guidance that our pastor gives us. You know, we have a very able minister, and his sermons are a great help to me. And our Lord's Supper is another source of spiritual food. The prayers and singing—everything tends to preserve my Christian faith, keeps me from forgetting my duty to God and man, strengthens my ideals, and encourages me, all through the teachings of the greatest Teacher of all. So, if I neglect these things, the result will be a weakening and a possible final defeat of that purpose which now dominates me—to live as good a Christian life as I know how, through the help of my church.

(The girls and boys are silent for a second, then nod their heads.)

Mary—Dorothy, you are right. I see it now.

Louise—It's just like being in need of food and refusing to eat.

Jim—And we influence others to do likewise; also we discourage those who are trying to feed us.

Jerry—If we hurry, we can still get ready for church. After service, we can go to the woods and eat this lunch, and each can tell what help has been received. We can easily be back in time for C. E.

All—Yes, let's do.

Dorothy—I am so glad you understand. That is a fine plan. John will be there too. And let this song ever be a reminder of our new purpose.

(She has a hymn-book, out of which they all sing first verse of "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.")

[CURTAIN.]

MAKING JESUS KING

(Matt. 21: 1-17)

By DAISY M. MOORE

(Pageant may be given by six or seven persons. If the first speech is too long for one, it may be divided so that two individuals may give it.)

Soloist Sings—"True-hearted, Whole-hearted."

No. 1 Speaks—On the last Sabbath before the Lord's crucifixion we are told that great multitudes went before Him and followed after as He approached Jerusalem. When this great procession drew near the great city they came to a halt. At the Mount of Olives Christ asked two of His disciples to proceed into the city and bring to Him an ass, her colt with her, which they should find tied at a convenient place. If any one questioned their actions, the disciples were simply to say: "The Lord hath need of them." In the Old Testament, written hundreds of years before Christ's birth at Bethlehem, a prophet had foretold that the King should ride into Jerusalem on an ass. The fulfilling of Scripture in this fashion is most interesting and convincing.

The disciples questioned not. They had lived with the Master long enough to believe implicitly whatever He told them, to do cheerfully aught He might ask of them.

[No. 2 may take up the story here, or No. 1 continue.]

When Jesus was seated upon the ass the multitude proceeded upon the way. No doubt they were met by other multitudes from the city.

So delighted were His followers to proclaim Christ king that many of them spread their garments before Him as He rode, honored to have Him pass over them. Still others cut branches from the trees to spread as a carpet for this triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

And, as the rejoicing multitudes moved on their way, they lifted their voices in songs of praise. From lip to lip passed the shout: "Hosanna to the son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!"

Small wonder that the entire city was stirred at such an unheard-of

ovation. Many of the Jews were happy to believe that Jesus was the Messiah. But the chief priests and scribes despised and rejected Him and tried ever after to have Him condemned.

Entire Group Sings—"Let Jesus Come into Your Heart."

No. 2 Speaks—

When Jesus asks me to do aught,
Upon His errands go,
Do I serve cheerfully as those
Disciples long ago?

No. 3 Speaks—

When Christ would enter as a King
Into my life to-day,
Do I spread garments for His feet
To pave and ease the way?

No. 4 Speaks—

Do I strew branches to acclaim
And honor Christ as King,
When He into my youthful heart
His love and grace would bring?

No. 5 Speaks—

Do I exalt His holy name,
Do I sing praises loud,
When Christ the Saviour rides in state,
As did that loving crowd?

No. 6 Speaks—

Do I, like priest and scribe, reject
The Saviour as my Lord?
Or do I, as a little child,
Take Jesus at His word?

Entire Group Sings—"Since Jesus Came into My Heart."

("Loyalty to Christ" or "Jesus Set the Joy-bells Ringing in My Heart" may be substituted, if desired. The one mentioned above is better, since it is a companion song to the one in the middle of the pageant.)

THE WORDS OF JESUS ABOUT LIFE UNENDING

(John 14:1-3)

TWILIGHT, MIDNIGHT, DAWN

By DAISY M. MOORE

DIRECTIONS.

The five girls, or young women, who take part in the pageant need no costuming, since the church or auditorium is darkened.

They can take their places on platform before or after the lights are turned off. It is preferable to have them go on in very dim light, if any, for they carry with them the boxes in which the letters spelling GETHSEMANE, CALVARY and EASTER are cut.

In addition, each girl has two flashlights. Each girl attends to the letters in the boxes which she is to give in turn in the three-part pageant. Three of the five—Nos. 2, 3 and 4—have three letters each; Nos. 1 and 5 have four each.

At the close of Part II., No. 1 passes "A," which she has used in CALVARY, to No. 2 for use in EASTER.

The diagram below shows the parts each girl shall take, with their letters noted.

Each letter is cut from the side of a small cardboard box, care being taken to have the letters of uniform size. The boxes may vary in size; they will not be seen by the audience. A closed box of four sides is necessary.

By consulting the diagram, the performers can readily tell how many letters she shall hold in each part. Where she holds but one letter at a time, that particular box need have just a circular hole, the size of flash, in the side or end of box opposite the letter. Both hands can be used to steady box and flash.

However, in cases where two letters are held—one in each hand—a central partition must be added to the box so that flash inserted through two partitions will hold firmly.

The boxes containing the letters for Parts II. and III. are set down before the performer in the order in which they are to be used when

she reaches platform; this avoids any difficulty in knowing which is which.

Many of the letters, you will note, are used in *two* of the parts. For instance, No. 1 takes in four letters—G, E, C and A.

She uses E in both Part I. and Part III.

No. 3 interchanges her S in same way, No. 4 her A, and No. 5 interchanges both E and R. Diagram makes this clear.

In giving Part I. the word GETHSEMANE is used, Part II. the word CALVARY, and in Part III. EASTER is used.

For Part I. the flashlight is covered with very thin, yellow tissue-paper; in Part II. red tissue replaces it; while in Part III. white tissue shows up the Easter light. No paper need be used in this part.

The letters will all look prettier and more clean-cut if very thin, white tissue is pasted entirely over the letters in the boxes. Have flashlights adjusted in proper boxes for Part I. when performers reach platform.

The duet and solo which follow after Part I. and Part II., respectively, may be sung by one in pageant or a member of the choir. The song at the end of Part III. should be a chorus song, the verse being sung quite softly and slowly. The chorus should be a song of triumph, sung gladly and strongly.

These songs are suggested as being appropriate, but others may be substituted.

DIAGRAM.

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5
Part I.—Yellow.....	G E	T H	S E	M A	N E
Part II.—Red.....	C A	L	V	A	R Y
Part III.—White.....	E	A	S	T	E R

TEXT OF PAGEANT.

PART I.—GETHSEMANE.

(Each speaker flashes on her letter just as she begins to speak.)

No. 1—Going down from the upper room where He has fellowshiped for the last time with His eleven beloved disciples, Jesus' heart is very heavy. Slowly He steps into the darkness and it closes about Him.

[Flashes on E.] Entering into the lonely garden on the Mount of Olives, Christ feels the need, or desire, for human companionship, and He asks Peter, James and John to bear Him company.

No. 2—They are filled with awe and dread, for the strange words

of the Master at the supper hour still ring in their ears and torment their thoughts. They do not understand. How still the garden lies in the night! How weary they are! Their eyes grow heavy. The last week has been one of triumph and joy, but it has taxed even their great strength.

The Master has gone forward from them. They speak not. Finally, overcome with exhaustion, they sleep.

[Flashes on H.] **H**ow could they sleep! Did they not suspect that the greatest struggle in human history was being waged a few feet from them? Did something not tell them that the fate of mankind hung in the balance, as a God wrestled with the problem of the ages?

No. 3—Supplication to God is on the lips of the Master there in the heavy darkness. He knows the bitter, bitter cup which is being prepared for Him and about to be carried to Him by Judas, the faithless disciple. There in the night He cries out: "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless, not as I will, but as thou wilt."

[Flashes on E.] **E**ven so His disciples, unknowing, sleep on. Three times the Master comes to them and begs Peter, James and John to watch with Him "one little hour." Three times as they sleep heavily their Master comes to them, seeking for human comfort and support. Three times He presents His petition in agony to His Father, but the third time He arises, well knowing He must drink the cup to the last bitter dregs; He must make the supreme sacrifice for mankind. He must die for those for whom He has lived.

No. 4—"Men, sleep on now; take your rest," Jesus says to the drowsy disciples after He has won His victory.

What wonderful courage and exaltation flood the conquering, majestic soul of the Master as he lifts His eyes toward the nearing dawn of another day, ready for what it might bring!

[Flashes on A.] **A**nd Jesus has not long to wait. The betrayer is near. Judas comes, leading a regiment of soldiers into the garden of victory. Like the arrant, despicable coward and traitor which he is, he comes straight to Christ, intending to kiss Him. Why? So that the guards and soldiers might know which is the Christ. No wonder he went out and hanged himself later! Thirty pieces of silver, indeed!

No. 5—Now the impetuous Peter wakes up to facts, and, seizing his sword, in his ardor for his Master he slashes off the ear of the high priest. That is human.

In His great compassion, Jesus immediately heals the cleft ear of His enemy. This is divine.

[Flashes on E.] **E**ven as the first faint light of earliest dawn peers through the twisted olive-trees in the garden, the sinless Christ is led away to Caiaphas and the scribes and Pharisees to be tried like an ordinary criminal.

(Duet "Alone" is sung, while the word "Gethsemane" is held in the yellow light.)

PART II.—CALVARY.

No. 1—"Crucify him! Crucify him!" cry the mobs, inflamed and incited by priests and scribes.

Pilate can find no guilt in Christ; neither he nor Herod finds any cause for the death of the accused. Pilate tells the people Christ is innocent, and publicly washes his hands to symbolize the fact that he will not be responsible for death to the prisoner.

Still the rioters shriek: "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

[Flashes on A.] **A**nxious to get this innocent enemy out of the way, the priests have the soldiers hurry Jesus from the trial-room.

No. 2—Left to themselves and their devices, the soldiers remove His dress, putting upon Jesus a purple robe. In mockery a crown of thorns is set upon His serene brow and a scepter placed in His hand. The jesters then kneel and jeer at the King.

No. 3—Very heavy, the solid wooden cross. Jesus Christ was no weakling, but His strength was spiritual rather than physical. They laid the cross on Simon of Cyrene, who bore it up Calvary.

No. 4—Awful thought! We close our eyes and shrink and tremble at the thought of the next step in the humiliation of the Saviour of the world. Then there is the crowning indignity, to be crucified in the midst of robbers.

Is there reproach, retaliation? The Son of God speaks: "Father, forgive them." Glad is the great heart to promise a place in His heavenly kingdom to the repentant thief. And in the intensity of His suffering and extremity His mother is not forgotten, but placed within the care of the beloved John.

No. 5—Racked by unutterable torture, torn by a momentary doubt, suffering beyond human conception, the Saviour of mankind, after six hours of torture, commends His spirit into the keeping of His God and Father.

[Flashing the letter Y.] **Y**es, done to death by the race He tried to save. And such a death!

Upon the despised cross hangs the fine, beautiful body of the Man who in three years has drawn after Him hundreds of enthusiastic followers. Small wonder that His disciples are distracted with grief and despair.

Darkness hangs upon the face of the earth, and gloom shrouds the souls of Christ's followers.

(Solo, "What Wondrous Love," while the letters spelling "Calvary" are held in the red light.)

PART III.—EASTER.

No. 1—**E**arly, quite early, in the morning His grieving friends, who have been unable to sleep, are on the way to His tomb. With them they bring gifts for the anointing of the body of their dead Master.

No. 2—**A**s they go they are perplexed about the great stone before the door of the sepulchre. It would be far beyond their strength to move it. That thought does not turn them back. They must be as close to Him as possible.

No. 3—**S**urprised, then, are they to find the door of the sepulchre wide open! But they are not prepared for the empty tomb and the amazing message of the angels: "Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here!" Forgotten are the gifts in their hands.

No. 4—**T**urning from the empty place, they run through the gray-ing dawn to find the disciples and give them the glad news. Such glorious, unbelievable news! "He is not here. Risen from the dead! Gone before you into Galilee! Tell His disciples and Peter!"

Their worshiping thoughts race with their flying feet.

No. 5—**E**ntering the room where the despairing disciples have spent the night together, the breathless women, with shining faces, tell the incredible story.

Impetuous Peter is off in a flash, with John second, the others following as swiftly as possible.

John outruns them all. Whether he is the youngest of the group, or whether his love for the Master lends speed to his feet, we do not know, but we do know that Peter and John are convinced, when they enter the tomb and find only grave-clothes, that Christ has risen from the dead, as He said.

No. 5—**R**isen from the dead, the redeeming Christ! Death can not hold Him, the Master!

They recall His wonderful words: "Let not your hearts be troubled: believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many

mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; for I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I come again, and will receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also."

The sun lifts itself in glory out of the east as these astounding facts come to the apostles. Their faces shine even as the sun, and their voices lift themselves in the greatest hymn of victory ever sung—"He Is Risen!"

(Chorus "Christ Arose" [by Robert Lowry] is sung. The letters spelling "Easter" in white lights are held during song.)

[CURTAIN.]

USING THE BIBLE AS A DAILY GUIDE

(Ps. 19: 7-11; Rom. 15: 4-7; Heb. 4: 12)

By DICIE M. BITTENHOUSE

CHARACTERS.

FOUR READERS.

THE CHOIR, or C. E. SINGERS.

There need be no memory work in this playlet, as the readers can copy their parts and place them between the leaves of the Bibles which they hold.

Curtain rises to softly rendered music of opening bars of "Tell Me the Old, Old Story."

Near center of platform is small table on which rests four Bibles of varying sizes, all of which show evidence of use.

First Reader (preferably a young man, comes upon the platform, takes up one of the Bibles, apparently at random, opens it, speaks)—This is a Gideons' Bible, one of the thousands of Bibles which a band of earnest Christians, called "The Gideons," have bought and placed in many, many thousand hotel rooms and lodging-house rooms. Travelers, lonely and far from friends, have taken up this Bible and read therein the words of God. They have been cheered and comforted and their faith renewed, for this is one of the Gideon Bible's messages to the lonely traveler: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word *was* God. In him was life; and the life was the light of men."

Choir—First stanza of "How Firm a Foundation."

Second Speaker (a young woman, enters and picks up Bible)—This Bible belonged to a missionary. She carried it with her into the very heart of darkest Africa. By means of its teachings she led many souls from the dark shadows of heathendom into the blessed light of Christianity. Often she was weary and discouraged, and at times her life was in danger. This is the message that gave her the courage to press onward in her chosen path: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Choir—Third stanza of "How Firm a Foundation."

Third Speaker (a young woman, enters, takes up Bible and speaks) —This Bible belonged to a widow whom the world called ill and poor and lonely, and yet, because of the comfort and cheer which the messages of this Holy Book brought to her soul, she could forget her illness and her infirmities, her poverty became riches, and she was never, *never* alone, for in these words she found healing and riches and companionship: "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Choir—Fourth stanza of "How Firm a Foundation."

Fourth Reader (a young man, takes up fourth Bible and speaks)—This Bible belonged to a young soldier of the World War. He carried it above his heart. In the midst of grim and deadly havoc of shot and shell, this is the message that gave him courage to face death upon the battlefield: "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

Choir—Second stanza of "How Firm a Foundation."

[CURTAIN.]

BIBLE MESSAGES NEEDED TO-DAY

By DICIE M. RITTENHOUSE

(Matt. 16: 24; John 3: 16; Isa. 55: 1-3, 6, 7)

CHARACTERS.

CHOIR OF C. E. SINGERS.

THREE OTHER YOUNG PEOPLE (of either sex).

Curtain rises, showing the three young people standing behind a small table, upon which rests a Bible. They stand thus, side by side, while choir sings first stanza and refrain of song "Wonderful Words of Life."

The speaker standing at right, in trio, holds up the Bible and recites the following lines, pausing at the end of each line for the choir to sing.

First Speaker—"Words of this Book my guide shall be."

Choir—"Wonderful words of life."

First Speaker—"From fear and doubt they've set me free."

Choir—"Wonderful words of life."

First Speaker—"Words that guide me ever,
Words that fail me never."

(Choir sings entire refrain, and first speaker passes Bible to member standing at left.)

Second Speaker—"Faith and hope its words bring me."

Choir—"Wonderful words of life."

Second Speaker—"Pledges of immortality."

Choir—"Wonderful words of life."

Second Speaker—"Bonds of fear they've riven,
Faith and hope they've given."

(Choir sings refrain, while second speaker hands Bible to member in middle of trio.)

Third Speaker—"Courage, words of the Book give me."

Choir—"Wonderful words of life."

Third Speaker—"Guide me in paths of honesty."

Choir—"Wonderful words of life."

Third Speaker—"Words that cheer the weary,
Light paths dark and dreary."

(As choir sings refrain, all three place their hands upon the Bible held by third speaker, as if in a pledge of loyalty.)

[CURTAIN.]

THE WONDER OF THE BIBLE

(Isa. 55:8-13; Matt. 5:17-19; 2 Pet. 1:19-21)

By DICIE M. RITTENHOUSE

CHARACTERS.

THE READER (may stand at side of platform, in view of the audience, or may be stationed behind a screen).

TWO GIRLS (preferably in plain, long, dark-colored dresses, with wide, white fichus, for this is a pageant of Colonial days).

BOY (in Indian costume).

(The curtain rises, showing platform empty of all furnishings. It is to represent a small "clearing" in the woods.)

The Reader (slowly and dramatically)—Many, many years ago, when this country was very thinly settled, the few white settlers, in their lonely, rude log cabins, lived in constant fear and dread of an attack by hostile Indians.

In those long-ago days the white villages or settlements were often hundreds of miles apart, and the white people made their journeys from settlement to settlement in companies, or caravans, whenever possible, for mutual protection against the bands of hostile Indians who lurked along the way.

They traveled, then, on horseback or in ox-carts.

Now, in one of these caravans were two young sisters. They were orphans who were seeking to reach the home of relatives living in a distant settlement.

One evening, when the company had camped for the night, the two lonely young strangers strolled away from the camp. They went but a short distance, but they lost sight of the camp-fires. They became frightened, bewildered. Frantically they rushed headlong through the forest in search of the camp. Each moment they grew more confused and turned around. They lost their bearings completely. In their wild panic they wandered farther and farther away from the camp, deeper and deeper in the great, dark heart of the forest.

The others of the caravan retired for the night, without having

missed the two young orphans traveling in their care. These two girls were strangers to the rest of the company.

And when in the dead hour of night some frightened, timid sleeper spread the alarm of attacking Indians, the whole company became panic-stricken. They saddled their horses, yoked their oxen and fled, without bestowing a thought upon the two orphans.

All through the long, dreadful night the sisters roamed the forest, frightened by the stirring of a leaf, by the snapping of a twig, sometimes fleeing headlong through the underbrush, sometimes crouching in fear at the sound of some weird cry of a wild animal.

Worn, footsore and weary, they staggered into a little clearing in the forest, just as the sun was rising.

(Enter sisters from left. They now pantomime the rest of the reader's story.)

Reader—They look about them in fear and trembling. Yet, even to their frightened eyes, the little clearing bears the signs that other human beings have been there before them.

There is an ax beside a fallen limb of a tree.

There is a heap of stones and the dead ashes of what has once been a camp-fire.

There are human footprints on the sandy soil.

The sisters pointed these signs out to each other.

Dared they hope? Were they near white people, or had they wandered into the very stronghold of the white people's enemies, the hostile Indians?

[Indian enters from right.]

Suddenly they look up. They stand frozen to the spot from very fear. Before them stands an Indian, grim and forbidding. They are too frightened to run, too frightened to cry out or even beg for mercy. They stand staring at him in terror.

The Indian sees that they are frightened. He tries, by signs, to show them that they need not fear him, that he wants to be their friend.

But they are too frightened to understand. Shudderingly they hide their faces upon each other's shoulders and wait—wait, for they know not what.

The Indian stands in deep thought. How can he make them understand? How make them know that he wants to help, not harm? Now his frowning face brightens with the idea that has come to him. From his knapsack he takes his most precious possession. It is a Bible. He is a converted Indian.

Reverently he holds the sacred Book, so that they can see the letters of gold stamped upon its worn covers—the Holy Bible, the Holy Bible.

He lays his dark cheek against the sacred Book. He presses it to his breast. He kisses it. He points heavenward. Oh, they must, *must* understand that he, too, is a child of God, their brother.

Timidly the sisters draw near him, their frightened eyes upon his face. They take the Book from his hands. They, too, kiss it reverently.

Hark! from far off come the faint, yet deep, tones of a bell. It is a church-bell, a call to morning prayers. The sisters' faces brighten with relief and joy. They know *now* that they are safe; they are near Christian people. And it matters not whether these Christians are white settlers or converted Indians. They are Christian people, and with them the sisters know they will find a safe refuge. Reverently the three fall upon their knees in silent prayer.

This is an old, old story, but it is a true story. Do not your own hearts tell you that it is true?

If you were lost in a wilderness, wouldn't the sight of a Bible and the sound of a church-bell make you *know* that you were near God's children—that you were safe?

(Unseen chorus sings "Blessed Book" or other Bible song. Or the pageant may close with the reader's last words.)

[CURTAIN.]

THE TRIUMPHS OF THE BIBLE ON MISSION FIELDS

(Rom. 1: 16, 17; 1 Cor. 1: 17-21)

By IDA M. BALCH

CHARACTERS.

READER (should be one who speaks very distinctly and reads with understanding).

PAUL.

MAN OF MACEDONIA.

SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH (young lady dressed as bride).

IGNORANT MEN (number used to be governed by size of platform).

DOWNTRODDEN WOMANHOOD (two, three or four, according to size of platform).

HUNGRY, RAGGED CHILDREN (number to be governed as above).

(No special setting necessary. All lights in the room, with the exception of small light for invisible Reader, may be turned off, and turned on at time vision appears.)

Reader (invisible)—Paul, on one of his journeys, finds Timothy, the son of a woman who was a Jew and also a believer, but his father was a Greek. Timothy was well reported of by the brethren at Lystra. Him would Paul have to go with him. And as they journeyed through the cities, they delivered them the decrees for to keep that were ordained of the apostles and elders which were at Jerusalem. And so were the churches established in the faith, and increased in number daily.

Now, when they had gone throughout Phrygia and the region of Galatia, and were forbidden of the Holy Spirit to preach the Word in Asia, after they were gone to Mysia they assayed to go into Bithynia, and the spirit of Jesus suffered them not; and, passing by Mysia, they came down to Troas. And a vision appeared to Paul in the night.

(Lights are turned on, disclosing Paul, half reclining, as if asleep. Man from Macedonia stands at extreme side of the platform, holding out hands to Paul, as if in supplication.)

Reader—There stood a man of Macedonia, and he prayed him: “Come over into Macedonia and help us.”

(Here Paul seems to awaken, sees the vision, and falls to his knees, with hands clasped as if in prayer, listening to God.)

(Man of Macedonia stands for a moment with hands outstretched; *lights turned off*.)

(Lights remain off—or curtain down—while scene is changed.)

(*Lights turned on*. Spirit of the Church stands at rear and a little to one side of platform. Tableau will be more effective if this character stands on box or some other slightly elevated position.)

Reader—That call to service which came to Paul in the long ago has come ringing down through the ages, as, step by step, God’s divine plan to preach Jesus to all nations is slowly, but surely, being accomplished.

(As Reader continues, reading very slowly, with words timed to suit action on the platform, each different group, as its name is called, comes slowly on the platform, from side opposite to where Spirit of the Church is standing, passes slowly across platform and kneels at the feet of Spirit of the Church, stretching out pleading hands toward her.)

Reader—That call to service is even greater to-day than ever before in the history of the world, as *ignorant men, downtrodden womanhood, hungry, ragged children* in heathen lands, and in many crowded places of our own loved country, are groping in darkness, without help and without guidance. The church, the bride of Christ, must help save, not only their bodies, but their souls.

(When this tableau has been held a sufficient length of time, lights are turned off, room remaining in darkness while one verse of “Jesus Saves” is sung.)

(Lights are turned on, disclosing the following tableau, which has been arranged while the platform was in darkness: Spirit of the Church occupies same position as in preceding tableau, but persons who formerly took the parts of Ignorant Men, Downtrodden Women and Hungry, Ragged Children have now changed to white robes and kneel around Spirit of the Church, but this time not with hands outstretched toward her, but with faces toward audience, and lifted toward heaven, while hands are clasped as if in prayer to God. Spirit of the Church stands, with hands outspread in benediction over the group. This tableau is held while the last verse of “Jesus Saves” is sung. At close of song, lights should be turned off while platform is cleared.)

COSTUMES.

SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH—Should be dressed in white, carrying out the idea of a bridal costume as much as possible, as she represents the church, the bride of Christ.

PAUL—Dark-blue satteen, sewing three widths, three yards long, together, making a piece three yards square. This may be draped very effectively for male Bible character costume. Use white head-dress, and character wears iron-gray beard.

MAN OF MACEDONIA—Oriental costume, similar to Paul's, but in gray.

IGNORANT MEN, DOWNTRODDEN WOMEN, HUNGRY, RAGGED CHILDREN—Tableau No. 2: Clothes are ill-fitting, ragged and generally unkempt. Tableau No. 3: The same number of people and taking the same positions as in Tableau No. 2, but now they are draped in pure white. Cheesecloth makes a very beautiful drape.

[CURTAIN.]

SERVICE A WAY TO LEADERSHIP

(Matt. 20: 20-28)

By IDA M. BALCH

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

READER (must be one who speaks distinctly and reads with understanding).

MOSES (draped costume of some dark material; see Biblical pictures; should wear long, gray beard).

TWELVE MEN (representatives of the twelve tribes of Israel; draped costumes of different-colored materials).

SPIRIT OF THE CHURCH (young lady dressed as bride).

THREE BOYS (about Senior age preferred; modern costumes).

THREE GIRLS (about Senior age preferred; modern costumes).

(Pageant may be presented by using either curtains or lights. We used lights, and instructions so indicate. Room is in complete darkness, except for shaded light for Reader. Reader's voice comes without prelude from the darkness. Platform also remains dark until further indicated.)

Reader—Moses, a Jew by birth, was the adopted son of an Egyptian princess. "And it came to pass in those days, when Moses was grown up, that he went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens: and he spied an Egyptian smiting a Hebrew, one of his brethren.

"And he looked this way and that way, and when he saw there was no man, he slew the Egyptian and hid him in the sand."

The next day, fearing that this was known, Moses fled to the land of Midian. Moses was content to dwell in this land, and the priest of Midian gave to Moses his daughter Zipporah to wife.

"And it came to pass in the process of time that the king of Egypt died, and the children of Israel sighed by reason of their bondage; and they cried, and their cry came up unto God by reason of their bondage.

"And God heard their groaning, and God remembered his covenant with Abraham, with Isaac, and with Jacob."

TABLEAU NO. 1.

Reader—"Now Moses kept the flocks of Jethro his father-in-law, the priest of Midian, and he led the flock to the back side of the desert, and came to the mount of God, even to Horeb."

(Platform, which has been in darkness, or curtain down, until this time, is now shown, with Moses standing at left side of platform, and over toward the right side is a "burning bush," which may be arranged as follows: Secure a small bush about four feet high, with green leaves, if possible. Place a long bunch of cotton, extending up and down, in the center of the bush, and arrange an electric light with red bulb inside the cotton, about midway. The cotton should of course not be too thick, and the red light from the electric bulb will seem to follow the cotton and give the appearance of the bush burning all over. If red-light bulb can not be had, wrap bulb with red paper, letting paper extend up and down through the cotton; this spreads the light.)

Reader (continuing)—"And the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush. And he looked, and behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed."

(During these words Moses registers surprise, fright, etc., as the reading progresses.)

Reader—"And Moses said, I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burned. [Moses walks slowly toward bush.] And when the Lord saw that he turned aside to see, God called to him out of the midst of the bush, and said, Moses! Moses! [Moses halts, startled.] And he said, Here am I.

"And God said, Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet [Moses takes off sandals], for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.

"Moreover he said, I am the God of thy father Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Jacob. And Moses hid his face [Moses hides face in hands], for he was afraid to look upon God.

"And the Lord said, I have surely seen the affliction of my people which are in Egypt, and have heard their cry by reason of their taskmaster, for I know their sorrows.

"And I am come down to deliver them out of the hands of the Egyptians, and to bring them up out of that land, to a goodly land flowing with milk and honey. Come now, therefore, and I will send thee unto Pharaoh, that thou mayest bring forth the children of Israel out of Egypt.

“And Moses said, Who am I that I should go to Pharaoh?

“And he said, Certainly I will be with thee.”

(Lights off, or curtain down. Reader pauses long enough to be sure time has been given for platform to be rearranged and next tableau set by the time proper place is reached in the reading. An altar, built of stones, or some representation, should be arranged about center of platform, with light inside to represent fire. Twelve men, representing twelve tribes of Israel, are kneeling around altar when lights or curtain again come on, at places indicated in reading.)

Reader—Moses, in order to protect and help those of his own blood, was forced to give up wealth and the social life in the palace of a king in his young manhood, and now, although he is comfortable and happy in this new land, when the call to service comes from Jehovah he puts self aside and is willing to leave it all in order to lead his brethren out of Egyptian bondage.

TABLEAU NO. 2.

(Reader should make slight pause here, then continue reading.)

Reader—Because of Moses' unselfishness and willingness to help others, the children of Israel, after years of wandering and of hardships, finally reach the land of promise, and around the altar, which was always built in honor of Jehovah at each place they rested [lights on], we find twelve sons of Israel, fathers of the twelve tribes of Israel, giving thanks unto Jehovah for deliverance from bondage, and praising His holy name for the new lands he had given them.

(Tableau reveals twelve men, in draped costumes, kneeling around altar, as outlined above. This position is held while first verse of “Holy, Holy, Holy,” is sung by a hidden voice or choir. Singers may be in view, if desired.)

(Lights off, or curtain down.)

TABLEAU NO. 3.

(Lights on.)

(Spirit of the Church stands on raised position at back of platform. A boy and a girl—modern costumes—approach, and boy speaks.)

First Boy—Spirit of the Church, we have just looked upon the scenes and accomplishments of Moses in the long ago, but who is in bondage to-day in this loved country of ours? Whom can we help?

Spirit of the Church—Watch with me a moment and I'll show you.

(As action continues, Spirit of the Church points to the different groups who, one by one, move across the platform as she speaks.)

Spirit of the Church—First, there are many lonesome, homesick boys and girls working in [local town], living in small rooms, with no place to spend their evenings.

(First boy and then girl come across platform, registering loneliness. Boy might come in, hang up his hat and sit down, burying his face in hands. Girl might sit on park bench for a minute ere she passes on. Participants may use their own ingenuity to bring out the effect of loneliness as much as possible. *Spirit of the Church* again speaks to first boy and girl.)

Spirit of the Church—Couldn't you help to remedy that?

(Second boy and girl walk across platform. Boy takes flask out of pocket and offers drink to girl. They pass off platform.)

Spirit of the Church—Shouldn't that be prevented? Isn't that bondage of the *worst* type?

(Third girl and boy walk across platform. Boy takes package of cigars from pocket and they both take one, then pass off platform.)

Spirit of the Church—That, too, is a bondage from which the world will reap a terrible harvest. Think of the mothers of the future whose health is even now being undermined by cigaret-smoking. Is there anything Christian boys and girls can do about that?

First Girl—Oh, how thoughtless and selfish we have been. If Jesus were here, wouldn't He say to us: "I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in. Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of these least, ye did it not unto me"?

First Boy (speaking to girl)—Jesus, while He was here on earth, said: "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister, and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant. Even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many."

(Boy and girl fall to knees, speaking in unison.)

First Boy and Girl (in unison)—Father, forgive us.

(Boy and girl hold kneeling position, and *Spirit of the Church* stands with hands outstretched over them in blessing while one verse of song "I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go" is sung.)

(Lights off.)

[CURTAIN.]

APPRECIATING OUR PARENTS AS LEADERS

(Eph. 6:1-9; Luke 2:41-52)

By IRMA B. IMHOFF

(A young girl, blindfolded, comes onto the platform from right [have the bandage arranged so she can see well enough to walk], walking very slowly, with outstretched arms, gropingly. When she reaches center platform she pauses.)

Girl—Oh that I could see what is before me; then I would have no need for leaders. Who knows what pitfalls, what obstructions, are in my way now, and I powerless to see them!

(Enter Truth, in flowing, white robe; pauses by girl's side.)

Truth—What seems to be the trouble, my dear maiden? Why are you here alone?

Girl—Oh, who are you? Will you help me along the way? You see, I am helpless.

Truth—I am Truth, and of course I will help you. But why have you no leader?

Girl—I have had many of them. Some have left me; others I have left; and now I know not which way to turn.

Truth—Then, let me guide you for the present. Perhaps I can help you choose a leader that will prove satisfactory. Who are some of those you've tried?

Girl—Well, I've had friends who have led me for a time, but soon I found that they were so intent upon their own pleasures that they did not see that I was hurt by the stones and pricked by the thorns, and they soon grew tired of me and left.

Truth—Yes, I know; one's companions are not always reliable leaders. Whom else have you had?

Girl—My teachers at school were very willing to do what they could for me, but they had so many others just like me that they could not give me the time I need.

Truth—Yes, these overworked teachers surely do deserve credit for the large amount of guidance they find time to give, but they can not do justice to all.

Girl—The same way with my Sunday-school teacher. She is so sweet and good and does all she can, but of course she can not be with me always. Our pastor has tried to point out the way for me, and to tell me of the pitfalls and dangers. Of course, he has helped in that he has made me more careful, but still I feel I am going blindly on.

Truth—Yes, you do. Have you tried divine guidance?

Girl—Yes, I have prayed for help and many times received it; but what I seem to need most is some human friend who understands and who will take me by the hand and help to guide me.

Truth—My dear maiden, are your parents living?

Girl—Yes, of course. Why?

Truth—It seems to me you have neglected the most valuable and trustworthy human leaders you could possibly find. Where are they?

Girl (hanging her head in shame)—Oh, they *wanted* to lead me very much, but I didn't want to take the paths they showed me. Some of them were up steep hills, with hard stones to walk upon, and it wasn't easy for me, always on the upgrade, so I left my parents. I told them I didn't need them.

Truth (gently)—Oh, foolish maiden, to forsake your parents thus. Did you think the journey of life could always be through pleasant paths and lazy lanes? The path of duty may be hard, but not nearly so hard as the path of self-seeking.

Girl—Truth, you are right. Since I have left my parents' guidance I have encountered far more pain and hardship than ever before. I chose the paths that seemed easy, as they were all on the downgrade, but they have been so disappointing.

Truth—But the place to which these paths lead! I shudder to think what might have become of you if you had gone farther.

Girl—Just why, O Truth, are my parents so well fitted to be my best leaders?

Truth—Several reasons, my dear. You are their child—flesh of their flesh—and they can understand you better than any one else, for they remember their own youth and the difficulties they overcame. You, of course, inherit in some degree their temperaments and tendencies, so they know best how to deal with them. They have been along the path, and can not only point out to you the pitfalls, but can help you to avoid them. Their pride in you is another reason—they are anxious to have you attain their highest ideals, and will work tirelessly with you towards that goal. Greatest of all is their love for

you, which will never fail you, but is ever ready to come to you, no matter how much you spurn them.

Girl (brokenly)—O Truth, lead me again to my parents. I know how to appreciate them now. I shall, so long as I live, revere and honor them.

Truth—Well said, dear maiden; you have chosen wisely. Your parents are the ones your heavenly Father meant to lead you, and it is by His will that your earthly father is guiding you. And remember, too, that your mother is your best friend. You can never go wrong under her guidance.

(During the last words Truth removes the bandage from the girl's eyes and the two walk slowly off platform, Truth leading girl. The song "Memories of Mother," or any other suitable mother song, can be used.)

[CURTAIN.]

WHY IS JESUS THE WORLD'S GREATEST LEADER?

(John 15: 9-16; 12: 23-27; 3: 16)

By MABEL M. BROWNE

SCENE—A lawn. Two garden seats. Other furniture to make the place attractive. (Try giving this playlet out on your church lawn. Let the characters enter casually and naturally.)

(Two young men stroll in. They are talking together. They are seated on one of the garden benches.)

Bill (continuing)—You say Ben Williams is a great leader. You say it very casually—but just what do you mean when you say he is a leader?

Tom—What do *you* mean when you say any person is a leader?

Bill—I don't know. That's the question I'm asking.

(A group of little five and six year-old girls enters. They carry dolls, sewing-baskets, scissors; very evidently a sewing-party.)

Tom—Hello! Where are you going, little ladies?

Little Girl—We are going over to Miss Ethel's to sew doll dresses.

Bill—Miss Ethel's? What does she know about doll dresses?

Another Little Girl—She knows *all* about doll dresses.

Third Little Girl—The prettiest ones!

(They go on their way. The boys watch them leaving.)

Bill—Ethel Patterson is an ideal to every small girl in this town. Every one of them dreams of some day being just like Ethel.

Tom—Would you call her a leader?

Bill—Call her a leader? I rather guess I would!

Tom—I wonder *why* she is such a leader of girls?

Bill—There's no mystery about that. She believes in girls. She knows girls. Why, she even knows "all about doll dresses"!

Tom (quoting)—"Thoroughly conversant with every minute detail."

(A man enters, dressed in fishing-garb, with lines, basket, etc.)

Mr. Raney—Hello, boys!

Boys—Hello, Mr. Raney!

Tom—Fine day for fishing.

Bill—Wait a minute, Mr. Raney; we're discussing a question and you can answer it for us.

Mr. Raney—Sorry, Bill, but my Get-there Club is waiting for me. We are going fishing to-day. I'll hear your question to-morrow. [He hurries on his way.]

Bill—Mr. Raney cares more for that club of boys than he does for himself. He knows the pet hobby of each boy and he knows all their troubles and all their big enthusiasms.

Tom—You call him a leader?

Bill—I'd say. He's *interested* in that club of boys. He finds out what those boys like and what they need. They don't always need what they like, either. [He pauses; smiles at his own thoughts.] But Mr. Raney is always willing to look at their side of the question and discuss it with them. He's interested in those boys, all right.

Tom—Interested. And sympathetic?

Bill—Yes, he's sympathetic too.

(A girl's voice is heard in the distance. She is singing, and as she sings she comes nearer. The boys sit listening to the song.)

I WOULD BE TRUE.

I would be true, for there are those who love me;

I would be true, for there are those who care;

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer:

I would be brave, for there is much to dare;

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.

—No. 170, *Hymnal for American Youth*.

Beth—Hello, boys!

Boys (rising)—Hello, Beth!

Bill—Sit down a minute, Beth, and answer a question for us.

(She sits on the garden seat opposite them. They sit as before.)

Tom (laughing)—Bill is very much concerned over the qualifications that are necessary for the making of a great leader.

Beth—That's easy. It takes sincerity—sincerity and—and—why don't you ask some one that knows? Here comes our minister. Let's ask him.

(Minister enters. He carries many loose papers in his hand; seems in a hurry. He raises his hat and would pass on.)

Bill—Wait a minute, Mr. [insert name of local pastor here]. We are discussing what it takes to make a good leader. Suppose you tell us.

Minister—Well, Bill, I take it Jesus is the greatest leader the world has ever known; don't you?

All (nodding)—Yes.

Minister (starting on his way again)—Then, why not study His life on earth to learn the qualities that make a great leader!

(Again a girl's voice is heard singing in the distance. They listen. She comes nearer as the song ends.)

THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD.

“This is my Father's world,
And to my listening ears
All nature sings, and round me rings
The music of the spheres.

“This is my Father's world;
I rest me in the thought
Of rocks and trees, of skies and seas—
His hand the wonders wrought.”

(The boys greet her as they greeted Beth. She sits beside Beth.)

Beth—These boys are trying to find out *why* Jesus is the world's greatest leader. You tell them, Edith.

Edith—He is the Son of God, and God is love. He is leader to me because He has *love*. I have just come from the hospital. [They are all interest.] The doctors say that the blood transfusion was a success. They feel certain now that Fred will live. [Quietly.] Mr. Smith, his history teacher, gave the blood.

Tom (after the slightest pause)—“Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends. [Emphasize “lay down his life,” and not “friends.” Another slight pause, and then:] This is my commandment, That *ye* love one another, as I have loved you.”

(Beth starts the song and the others join in, making a quartet.)

THIS IS MY FATHER'S WORLD.

This is my Father's world,
The birds their carols raise;
The morning light, the lily white,
Declare their Maker's praise.

This is my Father's world,
He shines in all that's fair;
In the rustling grass I hear Him pass;
He speaks to me everywhere.

—No. 46, *Hymnal for American Youth*.

(A young boy comes along on a bicycle. He pauses and sits on the wheel, listening to the last lines of the song.)

Tom (to the boy)—John, why was Jesus the great man that He was?

John (looking squarely at him)—Because He was always about His Father's business.

(The older ones look at one another thoughtfully. John goes on his way.)

Bill—"And the child increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man."

Beth—That means the fourfold life, doesn't it? Wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man. He *prepared* for His great work of leadership with His whole life.

Bill—Then, if we would be leaders—?

Tom—"If any man serve me, let him follow me."

Edith—"Truly, truly I tell you, Unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies, it remains a single grain; but if it dies, it bears rich fruit. He who loves his life loses it, and he who cares not for his life in this world will preserve it for eternal life" [John 12:24, 25; Moffatt translation or American Revised Version may be used]. That's what I kept thinking all the way from the hospital.

Tom (rising)—You say, then, that the leadership that society values to-day demands the very qualities that Jesus presented to the world in His life when He was upon the earth? [All nod thoughtfully.] "I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you. . . . I have chosen you and ordained you that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain." Do you suppose we can do it?

Bill (rising to stand beside him)—I for one accept the challenge to live and prepare to be a leader who follows Him.

I think Jesus was the world's greatest leader because He was greatest in service. He was pre-eminent in all things worthy to be followed. I believe my salvation in both time and eternity depends upon following Him.

(All stand to sing.)

A CHARGE TO KEEP.

“A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

“To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master’s will!

“Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!”

(The audience should be invited to join in the song after the first two or three lines.)

[CURTAIN.]

HOW HAVE MISSIONARIES BEEN EFFECTIVE LEADERS?

(Matt. 4: 12-25)

By DICIE M. RITTENHOUSE

CHARACTERS.

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONARY SERVICE. (Girl wearing white robe, cut on classic, flowing lines, confined at waist by cord girdle. A silver band or fillet is upon her head, and she carries a Bible and a lighted candle.)

POVERTY. (May be either boy or girl. A straight, sleeveless garment made of burlap, with frayed rope girdle, stockingless feet, with worn sandals fastened on with rope, makes a most effective Poverty, but character may wear tattered, ragged, modern garments, if preferred or more convenient.)

WAR. (Red robe made like that of Poverty; a helmet made from the crown of a discarded hat, covered with red cloth. War carries a sword and a shield. The latter can be made of any circular piece of wood, studded with the round bits of tin used with roofing-nails, or even a round of cardboard covered with silver paper. A loop in center of reverse side serves as a handle. A coat of armor may be used, if preferred.)

IGNORANCE. (Girl in green or brown robe, with bandaged eyes. Bandage must be arranged to permit Ignorance to see her way about the platform.)

DISEASE. (Girl wearing yellow robe and carrying yellow flag—the quarantine flag.)

IDLENESS. (Boy in ragged clothes of the out-of-work, down-at-the-heel idler and loafer.)

SUPERSTITION. (Girl in costume rather like that of a Hallowe'en witch, with horseshoes dangling from her belt, black cats cut from black cloth or paper are on her robe, and there is a large, green-cloth, four-leaved clover pasted on each cheek.)

(Curtain rises, showing Idleness seated lazily upon the floor near

center of platform. He leans against a box; his hat is tipped over his eyes. He seems half asleep.)

War (striding upon the platform, boastfully proclaims)—I am War. It is my business to keep all quarrels alive, to set brother against brother, nation against nation. I am War. I shall lay waste and destroy. I shall drench this world in blood.

Poverty (enters and speaks)—And, Friend War, I follow in your wake always. War and Poverty belong together.

Disease (enters)—I am sickness, disease; I, too, am your comrade, War. I march at your right hand. [Takes position at War's right.]

Ignorance (enters, groping and with hands extended before her, as if feeling her way)—I am Ignorance, and you, War, Disease and Poverty, could not live and thrive if it were not for me.

War, Disease and Poverty (in chorus)—Well do we know it. We bid you welcome, comrade.

(As the four last named stand grouped together close to where Idleness slumbers, Superstition enters. She is looking down at the floor and walking slowly and cautiously.)

War—Superstition, come and join us. You are one of our very bright and shining lights, you know.

Superstition—Yes, I know, but don't talk to me just now. I am busy. I must not step on cracks in the floor; it will give me a headache. I must not step in some one's tracks; it will bring me bad luck. I've a buckeye, a rabbit's foot, a crooked sixpence, and I pray to idols of wood and stone, instead of to the living God. And, oh! I must not forget to make the sign to ward off the evil eye. [Holds up left hand toward audience, with first and fourth fingers upright, thumb, second and third fingers folded close against the palm, thus making a pair of horns.]

Poverty—Where are our dear comrades, Cruelty, Crime and the others?

Disease—They're coming. They always gather where we are.

Disease (waving her flag)—Isn't it glorious for us all to be together, like one great, happy family, having such a grand time doing all the harm we can to the human race!

(In single file they circle gaily around Idleness, War leading.)

Poverty (shading her eyes with her hand and looking anxiously toward right entrance of platform)—Oh! oh! oh! the Spirit of Missionary Service is coming! I can see her white robe. I can see a gleam of silver about her brow, and her light. Oh, do you know what

she's going to do to us? She's going to wipe us out of existence. Oh! oh! oh!

Ignorance—Don't worry! She can't do that. She's only one, and we are many.

Poverty—But she isn't alone. The church, the Sunday school, the missionary societies and the Christian Endeavor are all helping her, and under their great, golden banner of Christian service are gathered Peace, Knowledge, Industry, Education, and others like them. All the world's forces for good are standing with the Spirit of Missionary Service. Come! come! come! We've got to go!

(They rush pellmell from platform at left, dragging Idleness with them, as Missionary Spirit enters from right. She stands in center of platform, with her lighted candle and her open Bible and spotlight, if possible, on scene, while voice behind scenes sings, "O Zion, Haste, Thy Mission High Fulfilling," or other suitable missionary hymn.)

[CURTAIN.]

CHARACTER A GROWTH, NOT A GIFT

(2 Pet. 1:5-8)

By EVA R. BAIRD

PARTICIPANTS.

UNSEEN CHORUS.

GIRL, making paper flowers.

GIRL, with three growing plants, one just peeping through, one in leaf and one in full bloom.

SPIRIT OF TRUTH, dressed all in white.

(Girl with paper flowers is seated, working at them, with colored paper, paste and scissors, while the other girl stands over her plants, which are on a table or shelf. She holds a watering-can. Both girls listen, and finally stop work as the chorus sings.)

(Unseen chorus sings softly "More About Jesus.")

Girl with Paper Flowers—It must be true. That was the perfect life that Jesus lived. I shall take Him for my inspiration. Then shall I make the perfect flower of character. See! this petal [holds one up] shall be knowledge of His will, and this one [holding up another] shall be faith. And this [holding up another] will be my willingness to follow Him. And then I will make some smaller ones for patience and kindness and all the Christian virtues. [Works on.]

Girl with Plants (as she waters them)—"I planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. So neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth, but God that giveth the increase. Now he that planteth and he that watereth are one; but each shall receive his own reward, according to his labor. For we are God's fellow-workers; ye are God's husbandry."

(Enter Spirit of Truth from center of platform, carrying an open Bible.)

Spirit of Truth—Yes, the kingdom comes like that in the world, and it comes the same way in the human heart. Character grows like a plant. See! [indicating plants as she speaks] here is one just planted, and here another in leaf. And this one is in bloom, the flower of character. In all of Jesus' teaching, in His matchless sermons and His priceless parables, He taught that the kingdom in the

world, and in each heart, starts small and grows. The flower of character, how beautiful it is!

Girl with Paper Flowers—Why, that is what I am making. See! it is almost done. I have made these petals [pointing to them] for faith and knowledge and works, and I shall finish presently with these smaller ones of Christian virtues. Isn't mine the flower of character?

Spirit of Truth—Let your own eyes see and your own heart answer. Your flower is without fragrance and without life. It has a certain prettiness, but not the loveliness of this fair blossom [indicating the natural flower] which is an emblem of God, who makes all growth.

Girl with Plants (not boastfully, but wistfully and humbly)—But I helped a little, didn't I?

Spirit of Truth—Yes, you have helped. It is God's way to let us work with Him. The seed of character is *always* from Him, but the flower of character must be watered and cared for, or it will never bloom. That is our part. If we do our part, God will do His.

Girl with Paper Flowers (rising and dropping her work)—Oh, you are right! How foolish I have been. May I, too, nurture a plant [she picks up the smallest one] which shall bloom at last the perfect flower of Christian character?

(Spirit of Truth is center of group, who stand during singing of final hymn.)

(Chorus sings from without either of two following hymns: "In the Garden" or "Let Jesus Come into Your Heart.")

[CURTAIN.]

THINKING THINGS THROUGH

(Luke 14: 28-30; Prov. 16: 22-25)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVENGER

CHARACTERS—Mother, Daughter, Girl Friend.

HOME SCENE—Stand with books and magazines, chairs, piano and music.

(Daughter enters, sits down at piano, plays a couple of bars of music. Mother calls from the door.)

Mother—Daughter, it is time for you to start to C. E. You have only ten minutes until the last bell rings. [Exit mother.]

Daughter (gets up from the piano, picks up a book impatiently and sits down)—How silly of mother to always insist upon me going to that stupid old C. E. Jane and I have other plans. Since father has been sick, mother can not go, so Jane and I have been taking rides and having a good time with the crowd. Of course, mother wouldn't approve, but then she wouldn't understand. [Mother's voice comes through the door. She is reading, clearly and distinctly, from Gal. 5: 22-26; Eph. 5: 6-11. Daughter gets up, takes a few steps, stops and listens. At the close she turns with a sigh and sits down.] What is wrong with me anyway? The fruit of the Spirit—love, joy, peace. I don't have any of those any more as I used to. I wish Jane would come.

(She walks over to the piano. Just then mother begins to sing. Daughter bows her head on her hand over the piano keys.)

Mother's Song—

“Earthly pleasures vainly call me,
I would be like Jesus;
Nothing worldly shall enthrall me,
I would be like Jesus.”

Enter Jane—Hello, Grace! [Grace looks up and smiles.] The rest are all outside in the car. I had such a time to-night. They asked me to sing at C. E., and mother insisted I should go, but I don't intend to. [She laughs, with a shrug of her shoulders.]

(Again the song comes through the door. The girls stand apart, looking at the floor.)

“He has broken every fetter,
I would be like Jesus;
That the world may love Him better,
I would be like Jesus.”

(At the close of the song Grace goes to Jane and takes both hands in hers.)

Grace—Jane, my mother has insisted also, and, what is more, I am going to listen to mother. It has come to me to-night, as mother read the Bible and sang to father, that I have been letting down the bars of goodness, faith and many other Christian graces. Worldly pleasures have enthralled me too much. That is what is wrong with our C. E., Jane. Like mother, I want to be like Jesus. We are not true to either when we run away from the church. Our C. E. is not interesting because none of us are doing our best to make it so. We need to put our talents into the service that counts for Christ and the church. We need to interest our friends in this truer, finer life, rather than to go out into the world with them on the road that leads to nowhere. We need a deeper consecration in our own lives, Jane.

Jane—I know we do. Down in my heart I have not been satisfied. The crowd will follow us, Grace. Let us take them to C. E. to-night. Come, I will sing the song your mother has just sung, and tell them what it has meant to me.

Grace (going to the door)—Good-by, mother! Jane and I are on our way to C. E.

Mother—That is fine, girls. I knew you would do the right, once you took time to think things through.

Grace—And, mother, trusting in the Lord Jesus Christ for strength, I promise Him—and you—that I will strive to do whatever He would like to have me do. [Turns to Jane.] Come, Jane, let's hurry. (They hurry off the other side as mother sings:)

“That in heaven He may meet me,
I would be like Jesus;
That His words ‘Well done’ may greet me,
I would be like Jesus.”

N. B.—Song “I Would Be Like Jesus” is in song-book “Make Christ King.”

THE PRICE OF VOLUNTARY CHRISTIAN SERVICE

(Luke 9:57-62)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVENGER

CHARACTERS.

FATHER TIME (in long, gray robe; carries scythe; he wears a long white or gray beard).

CHRISTIANITY (in flowing, white robe).

THREE SCHOOLGIRLS (in modern dress).

(Father Time stands at one side of the platform; Christianity, at the other.)

Father Time—Youth marches on in an endless army. Would that all of them could learn the lessons of life as you teach them. There would be fewer wrecks along the way.

Christianity—Yes, Father Time, that is true, but so many will not pay the price. Here comes a group of bright-looking girls. Will they meet the test?

(Three girls enter; cast a look at Father Time.)

First Girl—Just out of high school! The past four years were all too short, but time does fly. Father Time is good to us, although I could use more hours in every day if he would give them to me.

Second Girl—How you talk! I can not find enough things to interest me now, without any more time on my hands to kill.

Third Girl—What we have suits me. I am bored to death with life anyway. There is nothing new or exciting. Everything runs along in the same old, monotonous way from day to day.

Christianity—If you will follow in the way I will direct you, there will be many new and interesting things to do and see. Father Time marks off the hours. Make him happy to count yours off for you.

First Girl—How can we follow you? I would like to know about the things you can show us.

Christianity—Are you willing to pay the price?

First Girl—Price? Why, yes, if it is worth while.

Second Girl—Oh, what's the use?

Third Girl—I'm not interested. Let's go.

Christianity—Perhaps after you learn more you will be. [She steps to the back center of platform, drawing back curtains, revealing a cross. If spotlight can be turned on cross at this moment, it will be very effective.] The price of voluntary Christian service is taking up this cross and bearing it.

First Girl (going over to it)—A cross! And what does one gain by bearing it?

Christianity—Joy here and now, and eternal life!

First Girl—Then I will bear it.

Second Girl—It's too heavy. I don't think I can lift it.

Third Girl—Life is dull enough now, without carrying a cross! I'm off to seek pleasure. Good-by. [She departs.]

Second Girl—I will wait awhile. Is that all—just bearing a cross?

Christianity—Not entirely. The cross means sacrifice and service—giving your life in loving, self-forgetful service.

First Girl—Please explain. May I choose what I would do?

Christianity—Yes, if you ask Jesus Christ to direct you. You will have to sacrifice your time, your money, your efforts. It will take long hours of hard study, of Bible reading, of observation, to prepare you for a place of true service in the vineyard of the Lord. You must learn many things and learn them well—and sometimes you must learn lessons through suffering. The way is not easy. It is a challenge to the brave. I must be on my way. [She departs.]

Second Girl—I would accept the cross, but I must stay with my father and mother.

First Girl—I have thought the matter over and I will pay the price!

Christianity—The cross is costly, but its rewards are priceless. Christianity asks all, but it also gives all. Your reward will be a hundred-fold in this life and in the life to come.

(First girl kneels at cross while solo voice sings "Something for Thee," or "Saviour, Thy Dying Love Thou Gavest Me.")

[CURTAIN.]

JESUS TEACHING US SELF-CONTROL

(Mic. 6: 8; 1 Pet. 2: 11-20)

By MARY J. GALBRAITH

SETTING.

At center rear of platform is a throne (chair on draped box). On wall back of throne, painted or outlined on heavy paper or cloth, is a large heart.

CHARACTERS.

CONSCIENCE (girl in white robe smeared here and there with red, green and black).

ANGER, HATE and REVENGE (three boys, each robed in red; red turbans worn low over eyes).

ENVY and JEALOUSY (two boys robed in green; green head-dress).

IMPATIENCE (smaller boy robed in black; black drape over head).

LOVE, PEACE and JOY (three girls in flowing robes; Love wears white and has a crown of gold paper; Peace, soft pink, and Joy a delicate blue).

(The six evil passions are discovered huddled together near the throne. Conscience, head bowed and hands over eyes, stands to right of center of platform.)

Conscience (taking hands from eyes and shrinking back)—Oh that I, Conscience, should ever see this heart, which has been my home so long, become the abode of creatures such as these! They have crept in, one by one, and jostled me until my once pure robes are all spotted and stained. Who are they, and how came they here?

Anger (stepping forward, boastfully)—I am Anger, red-hot Anger. When *I* enter a heart I soon have it boiling and seething [dramatically] with a tumult of evil thoughts. I crept into *this* heart one day in one of its unguarded moments when some one had done its owner an unkindness.

Hate (striding forward)—I am Hate, the boon companion of Anger. I, who had never entered here before, came creeping in after Anger, gaining entrance a little more easily than did he. We two soon had this heart aflame with our cruel fires, making it easier yet for the entrance of the third member of our trio, Revenge.

Revenge (stepping forward)—My brothers here had gained control of the heart only, but *I* reached out and touched the lips of its owner with flame, and she spoke cruel words, words the like of which had never crossed those lips before, words which effectually checked the plea for pardon which the offender was about to speak. How we three laughed [all laugh sardonically] as we saw the havoc which had been wrought by our entrance here!

Conscience (slowly)—I felt your hot flames, and I tried, oh, so hard, to speak a warning against you, but to no avail. She, who before had listened to my faintest whisper, was deaf to my pleadings. She let you in; she lost a friend, and I, Conscience—even yet the stain of your evil deeds is on my garments!

(*Envy and Jealousy* step forward.)

Envy—I am Envy, and this is my twin brother Jealousy. It was only a crack that the door of this heart was left open one day, but that was enough. We crept silently in, spreading around us the subtle poison that is sure death to love and friendship.

Conscience (in sorrow)—I felt your evil presence, and again I tried to make myself heard, but all in vain. Look! see the prints of your poisonous fingers on my erstwhile spotless robe! But who is this in black, whose smirch is also on my garments?

Impatience—I am Impatience. I am not so big as my brother Anger, to be sure, but for this very reason it is easier for me to gain an entrance. I seem so small and insignificant, scarcely worth noticing, so I slip into this heart very often.

Conscience—Alas! your words are only too true, for my voice seems fainter than it used to be. I can not make myself heard at all! Oh, who is strong enough to come into this heart and drive out all these evil passions? [Hangs head.]

(*Love* enters at left of platform.)

Love—

Dear Conscience, lift your eyes, I pray,
And bid your fears depart,
For God is love, and love to-day
Has come into this heart.
Away, then [dramatically], Hate and all your crew;
This heart is mine alone.
No longer is there room for you,
For Love is on the throne.

[Slowly and with dignity mounts throne and stands.]

Come, Conscience, I will take away

[Exit evil passions in shamefaced way.]

This robe all stained with sin, [Removes robe.]

And give you one of white to-day;

[Throws new, spotless robe around Conscience.]

God keep it ever clean!

Come, Peace and Joy, nor longer rove,

[Peace and Joy enter.]

For this is now your home;

This heart is God's, and God is love,

And Love is on the throne!

(Love seats herself on throne, Peace and Joy stand at either side, while Conscience stands behind throne with radiant face. Lights lowered while hidden singers sing last verse of "Consecration Hymn.")

"Take my will and make it Thine,

It shall be no longer mine;

Take my heart, it is Thine own,

It shall be Thy royal throne;

Take my love, my Lord; I pour

At Thy feet its treasure store;

Take myself, and I will be

Ever, only, all for Thee."

(Or "When Love Shines In" would be suitable.)

[CURTAIN.]

HEROES FOR CHRIST

(Isa. 6:1-8; Matt. 11:7-12; John 18:1-9)

By IRMA B. IMHOFF

In center of platform is a large, white cross. On right side of it stands young woman in white robe, with sash bearing the word "Church" across her breast, and carrying a green wreath. On left side is the Scribe, a young man in black robe, carrying a scroll supposedly with names of deceased missionaries upon it. As it would take too long to read all the names of missionaries, the scroll may contain only the lines of the Scribe. Or, if desired, names familiar to the local church may be read.

Church—

Heroes for Christ! What nobler ones
Than those who died in far-off lands;
Who toiled and prayed, by night and day,
To teach men of the Jesus way!
What have they done, these heroes grand?
Did they succeed in heathen land?
Ah! yes, we know they met success,
And God did all their efforts bless.
And now, O Scribe, read from your scroll;
What have they done to reach the goal?

Scribe (names of missionaries may be read or omitted, as desired)—

These men of God deserve much commendation;
They've taught the way that leads to full salvation;
They've banished fear and superstition
With earnest prayer and consecration.
Those who were soiled were purified;
Those who were sick were not denied—
The skill of science they supplied,
No means for good were left untried.
You ask if they have met success
In all these things they did? Ah! yes;
They brought sweet peace and happiness,
And God did all their efforts bless.

Church—

Thou hast said well, O Scribe, of these great deeds
 Performed by men of God, as the scroll reads.
 And now I'd have you hand to me
 The names of those across the sea,
 That I might all the credit give
 To those whom now no longer live.

Scribe—

The list is long I bring with me,
 With scores of names upon it;
 I lay it here where all may see
 You place the wreath upon it.

(The Scribe lays scroll at foot of cross, and Church places wreath upon scroll, leaning it against the cross.)

Church—

Heroes for Christ, and heralds of His name,
 We give you honor, glory, fame.
 I place this wreath upon the cross;
 A crown your gain, and life your loss.
 By your brave lives inspired are we;
 We'll carry on and faithful be.

The Two Sing (as a duet)—

“From Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand;
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They're gone to the great Giver,
 Where they a crown will gain.”

[CURTAIN.]

WHAT HAS MADE OUR NATION WHAT IT IS?

(Deut. 8:1-14, 17, 18)

By DAISY M. MOORE

COLUMBIA (draped in robe of bunting in national colors, with crown covered with crepe-paper in national colors).

PURITAN (knee breeches, white blouse wide cape, wide, white collar and broad-brimmed hat).

GEORGE WASHINGTON (tri-cornered hat, buff breeches [knee], buckled slippers, stock, frock coat, etc.; white wig should be worn).

BETSEY ROSS (dress with full skirt, white fischu and white cap; Betsey carries a large flag).

PREACHER (in cap and gown; carries a Bible).

SCIENTIST (wears huge glasses or spectacles and carries a telescope, microscope or other scientific instrument).

Columbia enters, takes place on center platform.

Soloist, behind scenes, sings one verse of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

Puritan enters at left.

Columbia—Whence come you, Puritan?

Puritan (removing hat)—I come, O Columbia, from a land beyond the sea. My birthplace is England.

Columbia—And why came you so far from home? The ocean is wide and crossing it a very dangerous matter in your day.

Puritan (if good soloist, he may sing or dramatically recite Mrs. Hemans' "Landing of the Pilgrims;" if not, he speaks)—Quite true, O Columbia. None knows how dangerous such a trip is until he attempts it in a sailing-vessel over an uncharted sea. But, Columbia, there is a stronger emotion than fear of the sea.

Columbia—And that?

Puritan—A love of God and a desire to worship and serve Him worthily. Those of us who came to your shores aboard the "Mayflower"—others of our belief following—left our native land because we felt that the religion of our country had become too lax and the worship of God a mere form, instead of the heart. We found in America freedom and opportunity to serve God as we desire.

Columbia—Right welcome you have been to our land. America needs just such spirits as those of her first settlers.

(George Washington enters at right.)

Columbia—Who comes now?

George Washington—Your servant, George Washington, *Columbia*.

Columbia—To be sure, George Washington, of whom it is said, "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." But why "first in war," sir?

George Washington—For the independence of America and the glorification of God, *Columbia*. Man was created free and equal, and there is no reason why one country should serve another as an underling; no reason why our country, young as she was, should pay taxes without representation. We were able to take care of our own affairs, to govern ourselves without supervision from another. That, *Columbia*, is why I served my country and my God to the very best of my ability.

Columbia—You did well, and it was fitting you should be "first in peace and in the hearts of your countrymen." This was testified to when you were chosen first President of our republic.

(Betsey Ross enters at left with flag.)

Columbia—And who are you so proudly bearing the emblem of our country?

Betsey Ross (dropping a curtsy)—I, *Columbia*, am Betsey Ross. It was my pleasure and opportunity to fashion the "Stars and Stripes" [holds up flag so all can see] as our nation's flag. I was fortunate enough to make the very first flag of our land.

Columbia—To be sure, all the world knows of Betsey Ross. I should think you *would* be proud of "Old Glory," Betsey Ross. Yours was indeed a great contribution to our America.

(Soloist sings one or more verses of "The Star-Spangled Banner." Betsey holds her flag high. Preacher enters at right, bearing open Bible.)

Columbia—Comes still another representative of our American people. Whom shall we call you?

Preacher—I represent the ministers of our country, O *Columbia*. With the Pilgrims came the men of God. As the country has grown from one colony to thirteen, from thirteen colonies to a great nation, there have been raised up of God men who have devoted their lives to the preaching and practice of God's word. Into the building up of the nation we all love have gone the efforts, the service, the influence, the teaching and the love of such truly great men as Wendell

Phillips, Phillips Brooks, Henry Ward Beecher, Dwight L. Moody [here may be added some especially well known and loved by the local church] and many others. All of us, as Christian Endeavorers, know of the fine work of our own beloved Dr. Clark. Except for men of this type America would not be the great nation she now is.

Columbia—Absolutely true. For such men as these we offer fervent thanks to God. It is true that our nation is far from perfect; that there is some law-breaking and a lack of observance of our Lord's Day, but so long as America is leavened with a few consecrated men and women we must go upward and onward.

(Scientist enters at left, with telescope, etc.)

Columbia—One more enters to speak with us. Who do men say you are?

Scientist—Men call us scientists, but our labors are many as the sands of the sea.

Columbia—What have you done for America?

Scientist—We have lighted your homes and streets, lightened your labors by giving you machinery to do your work. We have given you telegraphs, telephones and cables. We have contributed motor-cars for your convenience. We entertain you with the radio; the airplane is the work of our hands and brain. We have given sight to weak eyes, hearing to dull ears, health to the sick, made pure food a necessity. We have given anesthetics, antiseptics and antidotes for the treatment of the ill; surgery is the work of a scientist.

Columbia—Wonderful! All these things have come to us so very gradually that perhaps we have failed to give credit where it is due.

Scientist—And, better still, we have delved into the wonders of nature and uncovered many of the mysteries of the human heart and soul, discovering many unsuspected abilities and capabilities. Many of these things have forced man to acknowledge the greatness, the wisdom and the love of the great Creator.

Columbia—It has been splendid to stop for a moment this evening to consider the different factors which have gone into making America bigger and better. May every Christian Endeavorer be inspired by these noble examples to be *active Christian Americans*. In closing, let us all join in singing "God Bless Our Native Land." ["America" may be substituted, if desired.]

[CURTAIN.]

THE LORD'S DAY—WHAT IT IS FOR AND WHY

(Luke 4: 16-22)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVENGER

CHARACTERS.

BOY IN BASEBALL OUTFIT.

BOY IN GOLF ATTIRE.

GIRL WITH TENNIS RACKET.

GIRL WITH PICNIC BASKET.

GIRL WITH BIBLE AND BIBLE-SCHOOL LESSON HELP AND C. E. BOOK.

Enter Boy in Baseball Outfit (tossing a ball up and down gently)—

Everything's closed up, nowhere to go;
Stores not open, not even a show;
What'd they think a fellow can do?
Sunday always makes me blue;
I'll hunt up the gang; we'll play ball;
That'll be better'n nothing at all.

Enter Boy in Golf Attire—

Hello, Shorty! Come with me
Out to the club; there's lots to see;
Nothing like golf to pass the time.
Some game! I'll say; like it fine.
Sunday's a rest-day, church folks say;
I'll take time to laugh and play.

Enter Girl with Tennis Racket—

Howdy, boys! All set for play?
I'm off to win from Jane to-day;
She won all sets last week from me;
To-day the tide will turn, you'll see.
Better come and see the fun;
No game like tennis under the sun.

Enter Girl with Picnic Basket—

You folks must like to work a lot;
Why play in the sun? It's too hot!
I'm off for a quiet time under a tree,
With goodies to eat; that's the place for me.
Better join our crowd to-day;
Wait 'til it's cooler to run and play.

Enter Girl with Bible—

Well! well! I'm glad I came this way;
All my friends going off to play!
You'd better come along with me;
No place like church for folks to be.
Sunday was given for worship and rest;
If you spend it thus, you'll like it best.

The Master always worshiped when
He mingled here with other men;
He never spent the day in fun,
Nor as a boy did skip and run
Away from God; and worship-days
Were spent in happy, helpful ways.

He helped the sick and healed the blind,
Always patient, thoughtful, kind;
He gained new strength with which to fight
The battles for the truth and right.
He was victor in each strife
By putting God first in His life.

Play will help us, but we need
Spiritual food our souls to feed,
If we would make our lives the best,
And strong to face each sin and test.
Then, we must follow Him and do
The things we know are good and true.

The table of our Lord is spread;
Would you put tennis in its stead?
Come, my friends, He bids you come;
Enter His house; forget your fun.
Around His table His people meet;
'Twill make your happiness complete.

Boy with Ball—

Ruth, you are right, and we are wrong;
I'm off to church, where I belong.

Boy with Golf Clubs—

Hold on, Shorty! I'm going too.

Girl with Tennis Racket—

And so am I; I would live true.

Girl with Basket—

I'm on my way to service, then;
This lunch I'll give to little Ben;
His mother's sick and he needs food.
Come, Ruth, I'm going to be good.

Girl with Bible—

God will bless you all, I know,
For the Bible tells us so.

(Singers sing "Safely Through Another Week.")

[CURTAIN.]

EVERY-DAY CITIZENSHIP

(Rom. 13: 3, 7-10; Ps. 15: 1-5)

By MARY J. GALBRAITH

CHARACTERS.

AMERICA (young girl dressed in flowing robes of bunting and wearing a pointed cap of same; she holds American flag in her hand).

FOUR BOYS (sixteen to eighteen).

(Enter America and stands just back of center of platform.)

America—

I am America, that glorious land
Stretching from ocean to far ocean strand;
Unconquered and dauntless my proud banners wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.
You ask what has made this great nation so strong;
Men, fearless men, bravely righting the wrong!
Nobly they lived and nobly they died,
And our country stands firm in its glory and pride.
But what of their sons, of the youth of to-day?
Will *they* walk in the same high and glorious way?
Will our country be safe in their hands by and by?
America asks—oh, who will reply?

(Four boys enter, two from each side. Boys Two, Three and Four take their places at sides of platform, while Boy One advances to side front and addresses America.)

First Boy—

Fear not, O America, loyal and true;
The boys of to-day pledge their hearts' love to you.
Three gifts do we bring from hearts warm and sincere;
Fear not, O America, listen and hear.

(Steps back to side.)

Second Boy (advancing)—

*My gift, O America, righter of wrong,
Is a body that's vigorous, healthy and strong;
I keep it with care from defilement and sin,
For it is God's temple and He dwells within.
So, gladly I pledge it, with fervor anew,
Oh, fairest America, to right and to you.*

(Steps to side.)

Third Boy (advancing)—

*My gift, O America, most gracious queen,
Is a mind that is all clear and wholesome and clean;
With thoughts that are pure and with beauty and love
I would keep my mind filled, as with light from above.
So, gladly I pledge all its powers anew,
Oh, fairest America, to right and to you.*

(Steps to side.)

Fourth Boy (advancing)—

*My gift, O America, lover of right,
Is a heart which Christ's blood has made spotless and white.
His love makes me tender, His power makes me strong,
His zeal makes me eager to battle the wrong!
So, I pledge now my heart, with Christ's spirit made new,
Oh, fairest America, to right and to you.*

(Steps to side.)

America—

*Oh, boys of to-day, in your vigor and power,
You have gladdened and strengthened my heart at this hour;
For with bodies so strong and with minds that are pure,
With hearts that are Christlike to do and endure,
What foe need we fear as the future we face,
With God as our Leader and trusting His grace?
Oh, youth of America, wake in your might [holds flag high];
Onward and upward, for God and for right!*

(She holds the pose while the four boys each raises a flag above his head, leaning a little toward her. Tableau while "America" is played softly.)

[CURTAIN.]

HOW THE CHURCH IS MAKING OUR NATION BETTER

(Matt. 13: 31-33; Luke 4: 18, 19)

By T. N. COFER

TIME—The present.

SCENE—Executive's office at Washington, D. C. Fitted with desk, chairs, etc., as elaborate as convenient. Books, papers, letters, etc., on the table and desk.

CHARACTERS.

UNCLE SAM. (Young man dressed in accordance with the popular character. High, stiff hat hanging on hall-tree or other conspicuous place; might set it upright on the desk.)

WEALTH. (A large, portly gentleman, well dressed, carrying cane and a handbag with "\$\$\$\$" pasted on outside.)

STATESMAN. (Dignified young man, with full swing of importance and bearing. Carrying large roll of manuscript, and at all times impersonating importance.)

EDUCATION. (Young lady dressed in cap and gown. She wears heavy spectacles, the personification of wisdom.)

THRIFT. (A young man dressed neatly, but very inexpensively. Modest, determined and unobtrusive.)

BENEVOLENCE. (Young lassie impersonating Salvation Army lass, carrying tambourine, etc., or she may be dressed to represent a Red Cross nurse.)

CHURCH. (An elderly woman dressed inconspicuously, wearing "white ribbon;" dignified, but resolute; at ease; at all times self-possessed. Carries Bible.)

Soft musical accompaniment on piano, organ or violin for some of the speakers adds greatly to the effect, especially if speakers speak slowly.

Suggestions for musical accompaniment: When Church first appears, "I Need Thee Every Hour." When Benevolence speaks, "Was That Somebody You?" When Statesman speaks, "O Beautiful for Spacious Skies."

(As the curtain is drawn, Uncle Sam is seated at his desk, busily engaged with his letters, etc. He looks up from work and whistles one verse of "America." Characters behind scenes may join in this whistling, if desired. Uncle Sam shows anxiety of heavy burdens. Rising, he lays down his handful of papers and soliloquizes.)

Uncle Sam—Every day adds to my burdens. The affairs of state increase as my country grows in population and as the march of progress advances. So many new questions and new problems! I feel that I must have help if I am to guide the ship of state safely.

(Enter Wealth, who greets Uncle Sam and places his grip on a chair, so that the \$\$\$\$ signs can be plainly seen by audience. Speaks.)

Wealth—Well, good morning, Uncle Sam; how are things with you at this time? You look worried.

Uncle Sam—And so I am. Running the Government of this country is a real man's job.

Wealth—Cheer up, friend, cheer up! You have friends to help you. I am wondering if there is something that I can do to lighten your cares. I have natural resources under your protection that are limitless. I don't know how rich I am. If my mines, fertile prairies, oil, gas, minerals, stocks and bonds and gold will help you, they are all yours for the asking.

Uncle Sam—I am very grateful for your kindness. But, to be real frank about it, there are so many things that wealth can not do. Money can not buy patriotism nor love. But, rightly used, wealth can do wonders, relieving distress, educating the people and caring for the unfortunate. I shall gladly take advantage of your kindness.

(Enter Statesman, who lays aside his hat and places his manuscript on the desk carefully. He speaks in matter-of-fact manner.)

Statesman—A most delightful morning, Your Excellency. I trust we find you in most excellent health. And to you, Mr. Wealth, I hope you are in fine spirits also.

Uncle Sam—Your visit is most fortunate. I am especially disturbed this morning over some of the affairs with which you are particularly advised. The laws of a nation are its fortress; they protect the weak against the strong, the poor against the rich, the ignorant against the educated. And the word comes to me that many grievous affairs are prevalent in my domain. We well know that respect for the law is the groundwork of peace. You have provided many helpful rules and regulations. But the people trample them beneath their feet. As an illustration, the Volstead Act, which was adopted by our highest legislative body and ratified by practically every State.

Word comes to me that many otherwise patriotic citizens violate it and even sneer at it. A most alarming condition.

Statesman—The matter shall have my urgent attention.

(Enter Education, enthusiastic and joyous.)

Education—The greetings of the day, Uncle Samuel. What a beautiful morning! What a marvelous day in which to be alive! And [bowing courteously] what a glorious nation in which to live!

Uncle Sam—My dear miss, I am delighted to greet you on such a happy occasion. Your very presence brings good cheer.

Education—I am very proud of my works in your territory, a living example for all the world. Such colleges, universities, training-schools and the free school in every community! I lay them at your feet as my trophy, and you will pardon my pride in them.

Uncle Sam—Well may you be proud! But I am wondering whether your activities reach every phase of life. In science, art, music, literature, you perform miracles daily. And yet I am interested in knowing what you are doing to strengthen, stimulate and develop the spiritual side of life for my people.

(Before Education has time to answer, Thrift rushes in, with but little formality, and interrupts.)

Thrift—Good morning, everybody. Such a group of great folks! I think I had better retire; I am so embarrassed. I expected to find Uncle Sam alone.

Uncle Sam—Thrift, you are indeed welcome. You need not be embarrassed. I count you among the ablest of my helpers.

Thrift—But I get so little done. You know, we are taught to lay aside in store, week by week, as God has prospered us. But there are so many things calling on us for our money and our time, and my pupils wander away after them. Getting them to practice thrift is a hard task, and I get discouraged sometimes.

Uncle Sam—Then we have a common tie. I, too, get discouraged. But when I consider what you do every year with the mites given to you for church, benevolence, uplift and relief, I am proud of you.

Thrift—Do not give me all the praise. I have a friend who goes with me and carries much of the load. Ah! here she is now.

(Enter Benevolence. Thrift meets her at the entrance and ushers her in.)

Thrift—Miss Benevolence, Uncle Sam, my right-hand helper.

Uncle Sam—To be sure, I know Benevolence and her good works. Can I ever forget what she has done in times of war and in times of peace? When a dread contagion swoops down among my folks, she

is there; when a cyclone or earthquake or disastrous fire befalls any part of my country, she is there to minister to the helpless, to bind up the wounds, to watch by the bedside of the sick, to carry baskets of food and clothing to homes where poverty reigns. A blessed angel of mercy!

Benevolence—Oh! oh! Do not flatter me. I have tried to do what I could. But, Uncle Sam, there is so much to be done yet, and I am so frail.

Uncle Sam (addressing all of them)—What a host of loyal friends! With all of you co-operating, each in his or her own field of activity, I should be the proudest ruler of all time, and my people the happiest ever known. Wealth, Statesman, Education, Thrift and Benevolence—the like has never been known before. And yet—and yet—kings and queens of other nations have had all these—and they have gone down to defeat and oblivion. What lack we yet?

(Uncle Sam and the guests assume pose of deep meditation. This should be held for full thirty seconds *by the watch*. It must be acted out with solemnity and impressiveness to get the right effect. At the end of this pause—while all is still and every one thoughtful—the Church enters with quiet step, unnoticed, as she approaches Uncle Sam and stands near him. Her voice should be tender, sweet and sympathetic, and her words uttered slowly. All arise as she begins to speak, and listen raptly.)

Church—My good friends, I was passing when I heard your words. I can answer your question. I come in the weakness of the flesh, but conquering in spirit. I do not come in the pride of my prowess, the wisdom of my words, the material wealth nor riches of my charities; but I offer the “help that cometh from the hills,” the power that strengtheneth to do all things, the victory that overcometh the world. It is the balm of Gilead, the leaves that are for the healing of the nations, the leaven that leaveneth the whole loaf—even the life and teachings of Jesus Christ. For your guidance I offer this book, the Bible, which was given by inspiration of God “that every man might be thoroughly furnished unto every good work.”

(She lays the open Bible on the desk *above* all the letters, manuscript, etc., and steps graciously to right center and front of platform.)

Uncle Sam—You come like a benediction. Before I was born, God-fearing men and women came to these shores. They knelt with prayers on their lips and desire to worship God in their hearts. And, my friends, how much do you owe to their leadership?

Wealth—All my wealth came to me from the providence of the Creator. I did not make it; I have merely obtained possession and use of it.

Church—"A man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;" and again, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Statesman—I am glad to acknowledge my debt of gratitude for the things the Bible brought to me. I have written the Constitution, the laws and the regulations for men to follow. They are not mine. Long, long before my time God wrote them on the tablets of stone; generations after, Jesus Christ taught them to His disciples on the mountainside. And whenever and wherever I have patterned after this counsel my laws have had power and accomplished that whereunto they were sent.

Church—Remember that this Book teaches us that "righteousness exalteth a nation," and that if we but learn the truth, the truth will make us free, and "if the Son therefore shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." And Jesus said: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life."

Education—The Church is my mother. Before she came there were ignorance, superstition, idolatry. The people walked in darkness. Christianity made it possible for me to teach the common people. And now we have all our magnificent institutions of learning growing out of the gift of the church to me.

Church—As Education devotes her time to training the mind, I want you to remember the words I read from this Bible. [Opens and reads:]

"Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom;
And to depart from evil is understanding."

Thrift—And what could I do if it were not for the Bible? Saving the pennies would make misers of us all. But when one reads that giving a cup of cold water in His name has its reward, the vital importance of using wisely what means we have becomes a clear truth. Even the widow's mite outweighed the liberality of opulence. Religion is a new impetus to thrift. Save, that you may save others by what you save.

Church—Saving to save others—what a beautiful thought! It reminds me of the Sermon on the Mount, where Jesus said: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon the earth, where moth and rust consume, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for

yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth consume, and where thieves do not break through nor steal: for where thy treasure is, there will thy heart be also."

Benevolence—Though I have the least of all others of my own self, yet my works gladden the hearts and lighten the burdens of men and women. "The poor have ye with you always." So I walk in the byways of life, ministering to their needs. And the wealthy, the strong and the fortunate laden me with gifts, and out of their charity and bigness of heart I dispense those things needful for the body. However, if I feed the hungry, they become hungry again; if I clothe the naked, they again appear in rags. So it is the Bible that reveals the need of offering also the Bread of Life and the Living Water. If you eat of this bread, you will not hunger again; if you drink of this water, you will not thirst again.

Church—Glory to God in the highest! Christ in the lives of men regenerates the world. He brings the individual citizen out of his weakness and fits him for citizenship, not only for your nation, Uncle Sam, but also for the kingdom of God. Magnify His holy name! Preach His word, and lo! He is with us always unto the end of the world.

(Uncle Sam steps forward, leads Church to middle front platform, while the others form a circle about her. All sing one verse of "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.")

[CURTAIN.]

JESUS' TEACHING ON GOD'S LOVING CARE

(Matt. 6: 26-32)

By MARY J. GALBRAITH

CHARACTERS.

SPIRIT OF DISCOURAGEMENT (boy in black robe).

GIRL (ordinary dress).

SPIRIT OF CHEER (girl in pink robe).

VOICES OF NATURE (four girls in white).

VOICES OF PROMISE (four girls in white).

(Platform may represent an ordinary living-room. Enter Spirit of Discouragement.)

Spirit of Discouragement—

Spirit of Discouragement am I;
As I walk the earth each day I try,
By all of my subtle skill and art,
With fear and distrust to fill every heart.

(Enter Girl; seats herself in chair at right, in attitude of deep thought.)

*Spirit of Discouragement—*Ah, fair maiden! so you, too, have found life full of trouble and sorrow. I am sorry for you, but there is nothing I can do to help you. This world is a cruel place; there is trouble on every hand—friends fail us, sickness overtakes us, disappointments meet us, money takes wings—there are a thousand possible calamities lurking in the future. We try to be brave and cheerful, but—what's the use?

*Girl—*Oh, do not speak so, I pray you. Of course we must expect trouble in this world, but surely God knows, surely He cares!

*Spirit of Discouragement—*How foolish! As though God would deign to notice a mere atom like yourself! He deals with *great things*, with worlds and universes. What are you and your little troubles to Him?

*Girl—*Oh, you must be mistaken. God is my Father; He *must* care. And yet—I wonder—

(Enter Spirit of Cheer.)

Spirit of Cheer—Away, Spirit of Discouragement, with your false counsel! Away from my sight! [Exit Spirit of Discouragement; Spirit of Cheer puts arm around Girl.] I am the Spirit of Cheer, O maiden. God *does* know; God *does* care. Oh, how can you doubt it, when there are so many voices telling us that it is true?

Girl—I hear no voices, gentle Spirit.

Spirit of Cheer—Be still and listen, troubled heart, and you shall hear. Hark to the Voices of Nature!

(Enter Voices of Nature, take places to left of center, facing Girl.)

First Voice—“Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

Second Voice—“Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?” (Matt. 6:28-30.)

Third Voice—“Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. But the very hairs of your head are all numbered.”

Fourth Voice—“Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows” (Matt. 10:29-31).

(Voices of Nature step back to left of platform.)

Girl—Oh, how beautiful, how wonderful! Does He really care like that?

Spirit of Cheer—Yes, God not only cares *for* you, but He will take care *of* you. Listen to the Voices of Promise.

(Enter Voices of Promise and stand facing Girl.)

First Voice—

“God will take care of you. All through the *day*
He is beside you to keep you from ill;
Working or resting, at work or at play,
God is still with you, and watches you still.”

Second Voice—“Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest” (Josh. 1:9). “For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways” (Ps. 91:11).

Third Voice—

“He will take care of you. All through the *night*
 He, the good Shepherd, His flock safely keeps;
 Darkness to Him is the same as the light;
 He never slumbers and He never sleeps.”

Fourth Voice—“Yea; the darkness hideth not from thee: but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee” (Ps. 139:12).

(Voices of Promise sing “God Will Take Care of You.”)

Girl (rising and looking up, arms extended)—Oh, it is true; I feel it! I know it! How could I ever have doubted!

(Voices of Nature step forward and form semi-circle with Voices of Promise. Lights lowered. *Girl* stands alone in same pose in spotlight, while Spirit of Cheer and the eight Voices sing softly:)

“Jesus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won;
 And, although the way be cheerless,
 We will follow, calm and fearless;
 Guide us by Thy hand
 To our fatherland.

“Jesus, still lead on,
 Till our rest be won;
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,
 Still support, console, protect us,
 Till we safely stand
 In our fatherland.”

(If preferred for a closing, *Girl* may sing, as solo, “God Will Take Care of You,” substituting the word “me” for “you.”)

[CURTAIN.]

GOD'S GOODNESS REVEALED IN NATURE'S LAWS

(Ps. 104: 10-18)

By ESTHER AVERILL

(A narrator stands at the extreme left of platform. She wears a simple, flowing, white robe. A Bible lies open on a stand in front of her. On the extreme right of the platform stands a singer similarly dressed. Between the two figures is a large picture-frame six feet high and four feet wide. A curtain conceals the frame from the audience.)

Narrator—God's providence is His loving care of His children. "He sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field: the wild asses quench their thirst.

By them shall the fowls of the heaven have their habitation, which sing among the branches.

He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth;

And wine that maketh glad the heart of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap; the cedars of Lebanon, which he hath planted;

Where the birds make their nests: as for the stork, the fir trees are her house.

The high hills are a refuge for the wild goats; and the rocks for the conies."

(The curtain is drawn, and in the frame the picture "The Angelus" is shown in tableau. A field worker and his wife stand with bowed heads and clasped hands, praying, while implements of work are left forgotten for the moment. This picture can be procured from the Perry Picture Company.)

(The singer begins her song as the curtain is drawn.)

OH, WORSHIP THE KING.

“Oh, worship the King, all glorious above;
Oh, gratefully sing His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender, the ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise.

“Oh, tell of His might; oh, sing of His grace;
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

“Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.”

(The curtain is drawn.)

Narrator—God in His great goodness always provides bountifully for our physical wants and needs.

“I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper, the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

(The curtain is drawn. The picture this time is of an aged Palestinian pilgrim. He wears a loose coat which reaches to his ankles. This is made of striped material in bright colors. The stripes are horizontal. Under the coat is a loose, white robe. On his head is bound a white cloth. He has one foot upon a large rock. One hand shades his eyes as he gazes up. A very bright light shines down upon the man. He is shown side view to the audience.)

(The singer begins her song.)

FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH.

“For the beauty of the earth, for the glory of the skies,
For the love which from our birth over and around us lies,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise this our hymn of grateful praise.

“For the wonder of each hour, of the day and of the night,
Hill and vale, and tree and flower, sun and moon, and stars of light,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise this our hymn of grateful praise.

“For the joy of human love, brother, sister, parent, child,
Friends on earth, and friends above, for all gentle thoughts and mild,
Lord of all, to Thee we raise this our hymn of grateful praise.”

(The curtain is drawn.)

Narrator—God adjusts all nature for the well-being of man.

“The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside
still waters.

He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness
for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I
will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff
they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life:
and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.”

(The curtain is drawn. A man dressed in a loose, flowing, white robe and white head-dress stands with his head raised, looking toward heaven. In the background is a light-green curtain. Taylor's picture of “The Good Shepherd” is the best illustration for this scene, but some other famous shepherd picture could be used, such as “The Lost Sheep.”)

(The singer begins her song.)

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

“The Lord is my shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed,
Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

“Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near,
No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

“In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o’er;
With perfume and oil Thou anointest my head;
Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?
Oh, what shall I ask of Thy providence more?”

(The curtain is drawn.)

Narrator—Only the heart of God could give to the children of earth that gift divine, a mother.

“My soul doth magnify the Lord,
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For he hath regarded the low estate of his handmaiden;
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me
blessed.
For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is
his name.
And his memory is on them that fear him from generation to gen-
eration.
He hath showed strength with his arm, he hath scattered the proud
in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of
low degree.
He hath filled the hungry with good things; and the rich he hath
sent empty away.
He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy.
As he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed for
ever.”

(The curtain is drawn. This time the picture is of a Madonna and child. The Madonna wears a loose-flowing, light-blue robe with a long, white head-dress. In her arm she holds a soft, white swaddling-cloth in which is concealed a flashlight, which lights up the mother’s face as she gazes down at the child. Any well-known Madonna picture can be used for this tableau.)

(The singer begins her song.)

THERE’S A SONG IN THE AIR.

“There’s a song in the air, there’s a star in the sky!
There’s a mother’s deep prayer and a baby’s low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a King.”

(The curtain is drawn.)

Narrator—God hallowed one spot on earth for each of us, and called that place home.

“A certain man had two sons:

“And the younger of them said to his father, Father, give me the portion of thy substance that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living.

“And not many days after, the younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country; and there he wasted his substance with riotous living.

“And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that country; and he began to be in want.

“And he went and joined himself to one of the citizens of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine.

“And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him.

“But when he came to himself he said, How many hired servants of my father’s have bread enough and to spare, and I perish here with hunger!

“I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight:

“I am no more worthy to be called thy son: make me as one of thy hired servants.

“And he arose, and came to his father. But while he was yet afar off, his father saw him, and was moved with compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him.

“And the son said unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy son.

“But the father said to his servants, Bring forth quickly the best robe, and put it on him; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet:

“And bring the fatted calf, and kill it, and let us eat, and make merry:

“For this my son was dead, and is alive again; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry.”

(The curtain is drawn. Two men are seen. One is a large, middle-aged man dressed in rich Palestinian robes. He is standing with arms outstretched, and his face is alight with joy. Before him kneels a young man dressed in rags. He covers his face with his hands.)

(The singer begins her song.)

HOME, SWEET HOME.

“Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm for the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

“I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child,
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Through the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

“An exile from home splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
Give me them, and that peace of mind dearer than all.

“Home, home, sweet, sweet home; there's no place like home,
Oh, there's no place like home.”

(The curtain is drawn.)

Narrator—Light, food, water, indeed, every good gift, cometh from God.

“Praise ye the Lord, praise ye the Lord from the heavens; praise him in the heights.

Praise ye him, all his angels: praise ye him, all his hosts.

Praise ye him, sun and moon; praise ye him, all ye stars of light.

Praise him, ye heavens of heavens, and ye waters that be above the heavens.

Let them praise the name of the Lord; for he commanded and they were created.

He hath also established them for ever and ever: he hath made a decree which shall not pass.

Praise ye the Lord from the earth, ye dragons and all deeps:

Fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy winds fulfilling his word:

Mountains, and all hills; fruitful trees, and all cedars:

Beasts, and all cattle; creeping things and flying fowl:

Kings of the earth, and all people; princes and all judges of the earth:

Both young men and maidens; old men and children:

Let them praise the name of the Lord: for his name alone is excellent; his glory is above the earth and heaven.

He also exalteth the horn of his people, the praise of all his saints;

even of the children of Israel, a people near to him. Praise ye the Lord."

(The curtain is drawn. The last picture is America pointing toward heaven, while three young women kneel before her. America is in the usual red-white-and-blue costume. One young woman wears a flowing, green robe and has an armful of flowers. Another wears yellow and holds a sheaf of wheat. The last wears purple and holds a horn filled with ripe fruit.)

(The singer begins her song to the tune of "Jesus Shall Reign.")

THROUGH NATURE TO GOD.

(Esther C. Averill.)

God made the hills for our delight;
He guides the course of rippling streams;
He scatters stars above at night,
And gilds our day with bright sunbeams.

He hides the perfume in the rose;
The bird's glad melody He gave;
He sends the fragrant wind that blows,
And rules the ocean's mighty wave.

He paints the sky, He fashions trees,
He blankets earth with soft, white snow;
He fills the earth with gifts like these,
So that through nature Him we'll know.

Oh, Father, teach our land to be
A people blessed who can dwell
In beauty, love and harmony
Beneath Thy nature's holy spell.

[CURTAIN.]

(All songs, except "Home, Sweet Home," can be found in "Hymns for American Youth.")

MAKING THE BEST USE OF NATURE'S LAWS

(Gal. 6: 7; Matt. 13: 8; Mark 4: 28)

By ESTHER AVERILL

(The platform should be empty and the lights lowered.)

(A voice is heard singing "The Lord Our God Is Clothed with Might.")

"The Lord our God is clothed with might,
The winds obey His will;
He speaks, and in His heavenly height
The rolling sun stands still.

"Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts His awful hand
And chains you to the shore.

"Ye winds of night, your force combine;
Without His high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's rest.

"His voice sublime is heard afar;
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to His car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

"Ye sons of earth, in reverence bend;
Ye nations, wait His nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate our God."

(As the hymn is sung, a young woman slowly passes down the aisle from rear and onto the platform. A bright light follows her as she goes. She wears a long, white coat, made like an academic gown. She carries a heavy book. At the end of the song she speaks.)

Law—"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

(The organ plays the seven-fold amen.)

Law—I am Law. In this book I have all the rules of life. If a man follow these rules, he will live happily and well, but if he break them, he will come to destruction. God gave me as a gift to the world for its safety; therefore a man must know me and respect me if he is to make the most of life as God wants him to do. In all life I hold sway—physical, moral and spiritual. I tell you that through me can man find freedom, because there is no true freedom without law. Now harken, and hear what the physical forces can tell about the need of obeying my rule.

(The singer is heard in "Far Out on the Desolate Billow.")

"Far out on the desolate billow the sailor sails the sea,

Alone with the night and the tempest, where countless dangers be;

Yet never alone is the Christian who lives by faith and prayer,

For God is a friend unfailing, and God is everywhere."

(During the singing of the hymn three young men and two young women pass up the aisle from rear and onto the platform. The first man is dressed as a sailor. The second man wears the uniform of a trainman or a chauffeur. The next is a young woman dressed in an aviator's costume. Following her comes a farmer. Electricity is the last. She wears a symbolic robe of blue, and is shrouded with a thin, blue veil. She carries a lighted torch. After the song is ended, the Sailor steps to the center of the platform, while the other four characters stand in the background. Law moves to the extreme left of the platform.)

Sailor—I am Navigation. I have come as a follower of law. Only by following law can I find safety in my perilous life. In my history one reads a tale of development, but it has come only as law has become better known to navigation. Once the ocean was a place of terror, filled with monsters and horrors unspeakable; but to-day men pass over the same oceans in safety and comfort, because the laws of navigation have made the waterways of the world free for men's use and pleasure.

Law—"And his dominion shall be from sea even to sea."

(The Sailor steps back and Transportation steps forward.)

Transportation—I am Transportation. I carry the world whither it would go. My tools are the trains, automobiles and other vehicles that move to and fro over the entire earth. The world is no more separated by time and space because I have brought peoples nearer together. Before law was known to transportation, men spent arduous weeks in traveling short distances, but now, wherever law is known,

travel has been made easy and pleasurable. Obedience to law has made freedom from the confines of distance.

(Transportation steps back and Aviation comes forward.)

Aviation—I am Aviation. I am a new force upon the earth. For years men studied the laws of aviation and now finally they understand them so well that they at last are able to conquer the air. Now I soar over land and sea. I fly like the birds from one continent to another. I am the newest proof that with the use of law all things are possible to him who is willing to study and work.

(Aviation retires and Agriculture takes the center of the platform. Two verses of "Harvest Home" are sung.)

"All the blessings of the field, all the stores the gardens yield;
All the fruit in full supply, ripened 'neath the summer sky;
All that spring with bounteous hand scatters o'er the smiling land;
All that liberal autumn pours from her rich, o'erflowing stores—

"These to Thee, our God, we owe, Source whence all our blessings flow;
And for these our souls shall raise grateful vows and solemn praise.
Come, then, thankful people, come, raise the song of harvest home;
Come to God's own temple, come, raise the song of harvest home."

Agriculture—I am Agriculture. Through many painful ages I have been trying to master the laws of agriculture. As knowledge of these laws has increased, harvests have multiplied. When law is followed, the reward is rich harvests, but, when law is ignored, then come famine and death throughout the world. The lands that know the laws of agriculture best are the well-fed, rich and happy places. Indeed, unless man obeys the laws of agriculture, he dies.

(Agriculture steps back and Electricity takes his place.)

Electricity—I am Electricity. I have wrought more improvement in the world than any other force. Yet I was nothing but a danger and a terror until the laws that govern electricity were discovered. Now I give to the world the telephone, the telegraph, the radio, so that man's voice can be heard anywhere as easily as we hear the sighing of the breeze. I have also brought light into a dark world. I have made day out of night with my new lamps. I have changed the manufacturing world from one of toil and struggle to one of ease and accomplishment. But only through law has electricity been able to achieve. Once my bolts came from the sky and killed, but now they bless humanity through the great goodness of the divine leadership of law.

(Electricity joins the characters in the rear of the platform.)

Law—All physical achievement comes to pass only when my rules are known and obeyed. But my rules are just as necessary in the moral world as they are in the physical world.

(Two verses of "God, Send Us Men," are sung.)

"God, send us men whose aim 'twill be, not to defend some ancient creed,

But to live out the laws of right in every thought and word and deed.

"God, send us men alert and quick His lofty precepts to translate,
Until the law of right becomes the law and habits of the state."

(As the song is sung, two men pass up the aisle from rear and onto the platform. The first is an aged Palestinian man with a loose, brightly colored coat and flowing, white hair. He carries two flat stones. The other man is dressed in a judge's gown—an academic cap and gown will suffice. When the music stops, the two men stand in the center of the platform and the first one speaks.)

Moses—I am the first man to bring law to the world. I am Moses, known to this day as the lawgiver. Hear me, ye people, as I read the rules that are the basis for happy living to-day just as truly as they were when I first received them at Mount Sinai:

"Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

"Thou shalt not make unto thee a graven image, nor any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth:

"Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto them, nor serve them; for I Jehovah thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, upon the third and upon the fourth generation of them that hate me,

"And showing lovingkindness unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

"Thou shalt not take the name of Jehovah thy God in vain; for Jehovah will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

"Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy.

"Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work;

"But the seventh day is a sabbath unto Jehovah thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates:

"For in six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, the sea, and

all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore Jehovah blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

“Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which Jehovah thy God giveth thee.

“Thou shalt not kill.

“Thou shalt not commit adultery.

“Thou shalt not steal.

“Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

“Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor’s wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor’s.”

Law—“Ye shall walk in the ways which the Lord hath commanded you, that ye may live, and that it may be well with you, and that ye may prolong your days in the land which ye shall possess.”

Modern Law—I am Modern Law. To-day, if one would be really great upon the earth, he must respect law. He must do right in the sight of his neighbors and in his own heart. No greatly honored man was ever a law-breaker. Nations make rules that must be followed if man is to live with man in peace and harmony. Broken rules cause discord, trouble and unhappiness. Laws kept make for peace and safety. Obedience to law is liberty.

(Moses and Modern Law stand at either side of Law.)

(The singer begins “I Would Be True.”)

“I would be true, for there are those who trust me;

I would be pure, for there are those who care;

I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;

I would be brave, for there is much to dare,

I would be brave, for there is much to dare.”

(Six young women, dressed in pastel-colored robes, pass down the aisle during the singing of the hymn and kneel before Law.)

Law—And now the highest form of law is that which was given by our Saviour, Jesus Christ, when He said:

“Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

“Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

“Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

“Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

“Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

“Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

“Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called sons of God.

“Blessed are they that have been persecuted for righteousness’ sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

“Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.”

Unto every man who follows these commands will be given a reward of eternal life; while to him who disregards them, it were better that he never had been born.

First Girl—I am Health. If I follow law, I build strong, beautiful bodies, fit houses for pure souls. If I do not follow law, the bodies decay, and pain becomes the constant inhabitant. Yea, without law even the soul becomes diseased and finally dies. In both physical and mental health, law must be followed for the upbuilding of a perfect personality. Law liberates both the body and the mind from the confinements of pain.

Second Girl—I am known as Courtesy, and I am a loved and welcome companion wherever I go. I have a sister called Discourtesy, who is unwanted and despised everywhere. The difference between us is only that I follow a spiritual law and she ignores it.

Third Girl—I am Forgiveness. Each day I pray to my Father in heaven, “Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors,” because I have found that to him who forgives much, much is forgiven. God will forgive my misdoings if I forgive my neighbor his. One who does not follow the spiritual law of forgiveness will one day suffer from the unforgiveness of others.

Fourth Girl—I am Kindness. I follow the spiritual law, and everywhere I dwell I am honored and loved. But my sister Unkindness is punished with indifference, dislike and even chastisement. By following the spiritual law I free the soul, while by ignoring it my sister imprisons it.

Fifth Girl—I am Truth. To succeed in the world I must follow law. I am respected and trusted and revered wherever I am found. My sister Untruth is rejected by all men because they can not trust her. I follow the spiritual law and am true to myself, to my fellow-man and to God.

Sixth Girl—I am Love. When Jesus was asked what the First Commandment was, He replied: “Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy strength, . . . and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.” If I follow His spiritual law, I will be free—free from hate, sin and even the grave—for my reward will be love returned a thousand-fold, purity and everlasting life.

Law—And thus you have seen that in the physical, the moral and

the spiritual realms law is supreme. Law governs the world. Law is God's best gift to mankind. And I tell you that only in law will man ever find liberty, because law is liberty.

(Law throws off her cape and is disclosed as Liberty.)

(The singer begins "America.")

"Our fathers' God, to Thee, author of liberty,

To Thee we sing.

Long may our land be bright with freedom's holy light;

Protect us by Thy might, great God, our King."

(During the singing, Law stands in the center of the platform, with the physical forces behind her, the moral forces at either side, and the spiritual forces in front of her. At the end of the song they unite in saying: "May Law and Liberty unite the world." The curtain is drawn.)

(All but the first hymn can be found in "Hymns for American Youth.")

[CURTAIN.]

ARE MISSIONS PROVING SUCCESSFUL?

(Rom. 10: 9-16)

By DICIE M. RITTENHOUSE

CHARACTERS.

HERALD. (Attired in white, belted tunic, white knee trousers, white hose, black slippers with large rosettes or buckles. He carries a trumpet. A girl with curls almost to her shoulders makes a very charming Herald. If preferred, a reader may take the place of the Herald.)

SPIRIT OF MISSIONARY SERVICE AND INTERESTS. (A tall girl in flowing robe, wearing a narrow, silver band around her head, with a large star above her forehead. She carries an open Bible and a lighted taper.)

A CHORUS OF CHANTERS (who may be scattered through the audience, or all in a group, as preferred)

FOUR GIRLS (from Intermediate C. E., in their usual attire).

(The Herald comes upon the platform. The Spirit of Missionary Service follows a few moments later and takes her place at center, facing the audience. The Herald, through his trumpet, makes his proclamation in a high, rather sing-song voice to the accompaniment of the following simple chant upon a piano or organ.)

Herald—

The Missionary Service Spirit. Here she stands,
And she carries God's messages to heathen lands.
The light of His word in dark places she throws;
To our love for our fellow-men, her being she owes.
All missionary service and interest thrives
Deep in the hearts of all who lead true Christian lives.
Hear me! Hear me! Hear me proclaim it, near and far.
All true Christian people true missionaries are.
Spirit of Missionary Service—here she stands.
Shall she go unattended through heathen lands?

Chanters—

No, no, no, no. Love, Hope and Faith with her shall go;

Courage shall stand, and Patience, too, at her right hand,
For Spirit, true, all Christian virtues go with you.

(As voices cease chanting, the four Intermediates enter, each taking a place at a point of the compass as nearly as the platform will permit. The last girl to speak must be the one who faces audience beside the Spirit of Missionary Service.)

First Girl (to Spirit)—

You have given our minds to wider range;
You have taught us the custom of countries strange.

Second Girl—

Given us knowledge of lands and seas,
Of their hills and mountains and flowers and trees.

Third Girl—

Taught us to sacrifice and to give;
Taught us that we should for others live.

Fourth Girl—

Yes, taught us that we must live for others;
Taught us that all men are our brothers.

Chanters—

'Tis so! 'Tis so! Love, Hope and Faith with you shall go.
Courage shall stand, and Patience, too, at your right hand,
For, Spirit, true, all Christian virtues go with you.

(Any missionary hymn may be used in closing.)

BEING LOYAL TO OUR WORK

(Matt. 16: 21-25; Neh. 6: 1-3)

By EVA R. BAIRD

SCENE—A hayfield covered with mown hay. As many rakers with rakes as the platform will accommodate and allow to rake. Rakers should be appropriately dressed. A minimum of five is required for the speaking parts, but as many more will add to the effectiveness of the picture.

Song, "Work, for the Night Is Coming." The first half of each verse is sung as a solo by one of the workers, who stands on a front corner of the platform, while the others rake rhythmically with the music. On last half of verse all workers join in the song, pausing and leaning on their rakes, facing the audience. At the end of song, workers get busy making the hay into sheaves, and have sheaves ready for the final song. The first speaker, who may also be the singer of the solo, remains standing with rake throughout the dialogue. The others may pause in their work only long enough to speak; or, if there are enough other workers to make the sheaves, the speakers may form a listening group as each in turn speaks. They should not hide the group who are busily working on the sheaves.

First Worker (gesturing toward the hayfield)—

This work is only a symbol
Of the waiting world-wide field
That to the earnest worker
A harvest true will yield.
Tell me, ye faithful workers,
By the Master whose name you bear,
What must the loyal worker
Expect to do and bear?

Second Worker—

Oh, he who follows the Master
Must *choose* a worth-while work,
And then, with faithful service,
Must never, never shirk.

He must work when the sun is shining,
He must work when the clouds hang low;
But he knows his work is God-given,
And wills to have it so.

Third Worker—

Oh, he who follows the Master
Must work with constant *joy*,
Must work for the joy of the working;
His zest knows no alloy.
Though back may ache with burdens,
Or brain shall reel with pain,
To idleness or folly
He can not turn again.

Fourth Worker—

Oh, he who follows the Master
Must work *unto the end*;
No sense of mere discouragement
His soul can backward send.
Although the end seem failure
And a cross upon a hill,
However weary the road of toil,
He will be *faithful* still.

Fifth Worker (with hand upraised)—

But he who follows the Master
Will never work alone;
Beside him the master Workman
Is claiming him for His own.
All work is holy and sacred,
When we do it unto the Lord;
How perfect our daily service
When we measure it by His word.

(All workers turn as piano begins to play "Bringing in the Sheaves." As verse is played, each takes a sheaf, and they form a line for recessional. They all sing the chorus only of "Bringing in the Sheaves" as they march from the platform, each carrying a sheaf.)

WHAT DOES OUR CHURCH ASK OF US?

(Rom. 12: 4-8)

By IRMA B. IMHOFF

A large chart is placed in center of platform. It contains two leaves, one on top of the other. On the top one is written in large letters: "Anger," "Wrath," "Malice," "Blasphemy," "Unclean Language," "Lying." On the one underneath, in large letters, is: "Christ." In smaller letters are the words "Mercy," "Kindness," "Humility," "Patience," "Forbearance," "Forgiveness," "Charity," "Peace," "Gratitude," "Wisdom," "Worship."

Standing in front of the chart is "The Church," represented by a young lady in flowing, white robes. Across her breast is a sash bearing the words "The Church." Kneeling at her feet are a young woman and two young men, representing pilgrims. Loose, black garments are thrown around their shoulders, covering them.

A reader reads Col. 3:7-11, the Church points to chart and pilgrims remain motionless. Those kneeling (or concealed singers) sing:

"Just as I am, without one plea
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot—
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

After this, the Church tears off the top leaf of the chart and points to words on second leaf. Then she reads Rom. 12:4-8. The three pilgrims rise, throw off their dark garments and the Church gives each a Testament. Pilgrims (or concealed singers) sing one stanza:

"I love Thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood."

PUTTING GOD INTO THE BUDGET

(2 Cor. 9:6-8; 1 Cor. 6:20)

TEN DOLLARS

By EVA R. BAIRD

Ten characters are needed. Each has a large, silver "dollar." The dollars may be cut from cardboard and covered with silver paper, or simply marked in plain figures, "One Dollar." The dollar may be carried or worn on breast like a shield.

All (recite together with spirit)—

Ten merry dollars as gay as can be;

Ten merry dollars, all happy, come we.

Perhaps you have earned us; we really are yours—

But how are you counting us, now—with the doers?

We know you will spend us, but please don't abuse,

For money is something to carefully use.

First Two Dollars (face each other; on second line they hold the two dollars to form a "roof;" they speak together)—

You have to have shelter—

A roof we will make;

To give you a home,

This two dollars take.

The Second Two Dollars (pick up a basket of food, conveniently waiting for them, and speak together, holding the basket between them)—

And you surely must eat;

Here! we're bringing to you

Our two dollars in food—

A necessity true.

The Third Two Dollars (pick up attractive articles of clothing which are conveniently placed; one may have girl's clothing and the other boy's; they speak together)—

Oh, clothes you must have!
 Our two dollars please use
 For coats and for hats,
 For dresses and shoes.

The Seventh Dollar (producing thermometer and toothbrush)—

I am not very much,
 You can't call me wealth,
 But I truly believe
 You must spend *me* for health.

The Eighth Dollar (taking ball and bat, or tennis racket, something to suggest play)—

You need to have fun,
 And you must have vacation;
 You'll just have to spend me
 On good recreation.

The Ninth Dollar (producing purse or bank-book)—

Oh, wait just a minute,
 And see what you have!
 One dollar at least
 You must certainly save.

The Tenth Dollar (producing a New Testament)—

Why, I'm the last dollar, as sure as you're living;
 Oh, please, won't you use *me* in generous giving?
 There's Sunday school, church and your blessed C. E.—
 If you listen, you'll hear them; they're calling for me.
 There's missions and temperance and good works at home;
 Please, into some blind alley don't let me roam.
 These others [he gestures toward the other dollars] will clothe
 you and give you your food—
 They'll even foot the bill for your merriest mood;
 They'll see that you're sheltered and care for your health;
 Oh, aren't those other nine [gestures again] just enough
 wealth?
 I know your high duty you never will shirk,
 So I'm sure you will give me to the Lord and His work.

Ten Dollars (speaking together)—

Ten merry dollars, all ready, are we;
Ten useful dollars, as you clearly see:
Two are for shelter and two are for food,

[These gesture appropriately, as do the others in turn.]

Two are for clothing and one for health good,
One is for fun and one is to save—
But the dollar for the Lord is the best that you have.

[CURTAIN.]

OUR PART IN MAKING A BETTER WORLD

(Matt. 6:10; 28:19, 20)

By DICIE M. RITTENHOUSE

CHARACTERS.

JOHN HENRY SOMEBOYS (boy).

A READER.

THE BESETTING SINS OF SOMEBOYS (a group of two or three C. E. members).

THE CONSCIENCE OF SOMEBOYS (second group of two or three).

(The number in each group depends upon the number of members available, as the speeches may be divided among a large number, or given to a few.)

Reader—Our Christian Endeavor society is very much concerned and worried over one of its members, John Henry Someboys. You know some boys are very troublesome. Ah! here comes our Someboys right now.

(John Henry comes slouching upon the platform, hands in his pockets and yawning. He stares vacantly at the audience, stretches lazily, and looks around for something to sit upon. Finds nothing available except a small box. Sits down, elbows on knees, chin on hands, and yawns again.)

John Henry (drowsily)—Ho, hum! I suppose the others of the bunch will think I ought to go to C. E. to-night, but, if I do, I'll have to lead [yawns] and pay my dues.

Ho, hum! I suppose dad will think I ought to take that job Mr. Martin offered me, and go to work in the morning, but, if I do, I'll have to get up at six o'clock.

Ho, hum! The world owes me a living. I wish it would pay up. The world owes me a living—the world owes me—the world—
[John Henry has gone to sleep.]

(The two groups—John Henry's Besetting Sins and his Conscience—come on the platform together at right. They stop short at sight of John Henry, and confer in whispers. The Besetting Sins tiptoe past him and take their place at left. When they speak, they use their

cupped hands as a sort of megaphone or trumpet. One of the Conscience group rolls a paper into a sort of tube, which each of that group use as a megaphone, passing it from hand to hand.)

Besetting Sin—Rest easy, John Henry.

Reader—Who is this speaking, please?

A Besetting Sin—Selfishness, laziness, shiftlessness and company—the Besetting Sins of Someboys.

Conscience—Wake up, John Henry.

Reader—And who is this speaking, please?

Conscience—The Conscience and Better Nature of Someboys.

Besetting Sin—Rest easy, John Henry; you can dodge lots of your duties and responsibilities if you try hard enough.

A Besetting Sin—If you just put your mind to it, you can be a shirker, a waster, an idler and a human sponge.

A Besetting Sin—And, after all, you'll live till you die, so why work and worry? Leave that to some one else.

Conscience—Be a good son and brother.

Conscience—Be a good friend and neighbor.

Conscience—Take Mark Twain's advice. Live so that when you die even the undertaker will be sorry.

Conscience—Be a good citizen.

Conscience—Be a good Christian and practice the Golden Rule. That covers everything.

(The two groups unite and surround John Henry, calling him to wake up.)

John Henry (rousing himself)—Say, I've just had the queerest dream! Are you folks on your way to C. E.? Well, I'm going with you. It's my turn to lead, you know, and I must do my share. Think I'll stay for church, too, even if I am going to get up at six in the morning to get busy on my new job. If ever I am going to make the world better, I'll have to be better myself. Being faithful to my C. E. pledge will help me to be a better Christian. Let's go.

[CURTAIN.]

HOW CAN THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S ORGANIZATIONS IN OUR CHURCH WORK TOGETHER?

(1 Cor. 3: 4-9; Rom. 12: 10-12)

By EVA R. BAIRD

Two boys represent Evil and Good. Between them and a little back stands a girl holding an armload of flat sticks about two feet long. If girls are preferred for the speaking parts, let boy hold sticks.

Evil—

I challenge you, the world is mine;
Think not this generation's thine.
Whate'er precaution you may take,
To-day's young people I will break.

Good—

They are not yours; but, at your word,
Your haughty challenge has been heard.
These simple sticks now let us take,
To represent what you will break.

(He starts to take part of the sticks, but Evil rudely snatches one of them and easily snaps it in two.)

Evil (boastfully)—

The Christian youth who lives to-day
Shall broken be in just this way;
Without a thought, without a care,
How easy are they to ensnare.

Good—

But wait, O Evil; still we may
Keep Christian youth from your sad way,
United as a Christian band.

(He takes all the sticks and binds them together with a band or case of heavy cloth on which are the letters "C. E.," or "Young People's Organizations," or "Our Church Young People.")

Good—

Now break them with your mighty hand!

Evil (turning away in disappointment and defeat)—

Alas that I should see this day
When Christian youth is holding sway!
When in this fashion they unite,
No power can withstand their might.

(Group remains standing while congregation sings hymn, "Sound the Battle-cry," or "Lead On, O King Eternal," music of which shall be already in their hands. The center figure holds the sticks upright, showing the inscription. Good shows joy in victory, and Evil walks slowly off platform, defeated.)

[CURTAIN.]

IDEALS WORTH LIVING FOR

(Phil. 3: 7-14; 4: 8; Gal. 5: 22, 23)

By EVA R. BAIRD

CHARACTERS.

A STANDARD-BEARER, who carries the Christian flag and is the center of the pageant (1).

THE FRUITS OF THE SPIRIT (nine characters): Love (9), Joy (7), Peace (5), Longsuffering (3), Kindness (2), Goodness (4), Faithfulness (6), Meekness (8) and Self-control (10).

THE WHATSOEVER (six characters): True (15), Honorable (13), Just (11), Pure (12), Lovely (14) and Of Good Report (16).

The numbers following each do not indicate the order of their speeches, but are a convenience in marching arrangement. The character No. 1 should be the tallest, and No. 2 next. After that, the heights should be graduated in pairs, 3 and 4 alike, and so on to the last pair, 15 and 16. The entire group may be girls or boys, or boys and girls may be balanced against each other. The effectiveness lies in the placing on the platform and good marching.

Hymn "True-hearted, Whole-hearted," sung by the entire group as a processional as they march slowly down the aisle from rear and take place on the platform. The end of the first verse should find them on the platform in position. The Standard-bearer (1) takes the center; the others drop into three sides of a square, the front of which remains open: 5, 3, 2, 4, 6 form the back line, 7, 9, 11, 13, 15 the left line, and 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 the right. All face the Standard-bearer in the center. The second verse of the hymn is a salute to the Christian flag, the right hand coming forward from the forehead on the word "allegiance" at end of first line of verse, and dropping to side again at end of verse. The third verse is a prayer, with hands folded, faces lifted, until last line, when heads bow to close the verse.

As the hymn ends, the back line is lengthened by 9 taking extreme left position and 7 the next, while 10 takes extreme right position, with 8 next. Standard-bearer may move back slightly; 11, 13 and 15 may slant at one end, if there is space, while 12, 14 and 16 do the

same at the other. These small groups of three should be separated from the main group until they later step forward to form a new group.

The Standard-bearer (speaks)—“But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, meekness, self-control; against such there is no law.”

(The Fruits of the Spirit speak in turn.)

Love—

The first fruit named is love;
From God to man it comes;
From man to man it goes;
And, last of all, from man to God returns.
O perfect Christ, our Master,
Thou art incarnate love.

Joy—

Where love has entered in, joy comes, and radiant takes possession.
All things are ours who walk the Christian way;
Let us be joyful.

Peace—

But deeper still than joy is peace, abiding ever.
The little waves of life move restlessly;
The tide is peace, which wins.

Longsuffering—

Oh, love and joy and peace, who would not want them?
But stronger still another virtue, the power to suffer and endure.
The world has much of hardship;
Longsuffering is strong.

Kindness—

Oh, kindness is a homely virtue, but needed much—
In home and neighborhood, at work and play,
The Christian youth is kind.

Goodness—

Think not that goodness is but negative,
A pale, weak thing that can not claim its own;
For He who stood for goodness to the world
Became its Conqueror.

Faithfulness—

And faithfulness! Oh, what a gift is this,
To stand among the faithful to the end,
Counting no cost, nor grudging any price;
The world has need of faithfulness.

Meekness—

To meekness only does the promise come of earth inheritance;
Why do we grow so harsh and all-demanding,
When by the gentle way all things are ours?

Self-control—

That self-control comes last there is a reason;
For, when the Spirit has wrought all else, comes power within
the soul
That speaks for self-control;
The Christ enthroned within now lives in me;
He rules and I have mastery.

(Hymn by the group who have just spoken, "More Holiness Give Me.")

The Standard-bearer (speaks)—"Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honorable, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things."

(The Whatsoevers take their places, three on each side of the Standard-bearer, in front of the other group, and speak in turn.)

True—

Whatsoever things are true, on these I think;
The living water Jesus gave, of this I drink.

Honorable—

That which is honorable I claim as mine;
With listening ear I heed the call divine.

Just—

Whatever may be just, let Christians claim;
There is no other way to act in Jesus' name.

Pure—

The promise is to the pure in heart, they God shall see;
Who would not there gladly accounted be?

Lovely—

All lovely things I think upon; in all I have a part,
That loveliness itself may be engraved upon my heart.

Of Good Report—

Whatever is of good report claims my attention true;
And, as I think, so much worth while is given me to do.

The Standard-bearer (steps forward and speaks)—“Brethren, I count not myself yet to have laid hold: but one thing I do, forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal unto the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.”

(Hymn, “The Victor’s Song,” which begins, “Press onward, Christian soldier.” Sung by entire group, as led by 15 and 16, they march in pairs, separating at front of platform, forming a square, coming forward again in fours and eights, if desired. This marching may be as simple or elaborate as desired, sixteen offering an excellent number for marching and countermarching. On the last verse the group march from the platform.)

[CURTAIN.]

JESUS TEACHING US TO PRAY

(Matt. 6: 5-13)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVENGER

CHARACTERS—Mother and Daughter.

(As the curtain is drawn a mother is seated by a table, sewing. She sings the first two verses of "I Must Tell Jesus." At the close, she bows her head on the table in prayer. Her daughter enters.)

Daughter—Mother, I want to tell you something which troubles me very much. Mary and I have been such good friends for years, and now, just because of a little misunderstanding, she has turned from me and is no longer my friend. I thought you could help me.

Mother—I will speak to Mary, my dear. I am certain she will listen. It is indeed sad to break so long a friendship. I will be glad to help you.

Daughter—Thank you, mother. You make my heart happy again. I know it will be all right now. [She departs.]

(Mother takes up sewing and sings third verse of same song as she sews. At the close she bows her head in prayer. Daughter enters.)

Daughter—Mother, can you let me have some money for a new dress? This one is so shabby, and I do so need one to wear to work. I will repay you, mother; you'll see.

Mother (giving daughter some money)—Here is some money I have been saving for just such a purpose. Take it, my daughter, and use it for whatever you need.

Daughter—Thank you, mother. You help me every time I ask. What would I do without you? [She kisses her mother as she departs.]

(Mother again takes up sewing and sings the fourth verse of "I Must Tell Jesus." Daughter enters again.)

Daughter—Mother, I want to ask you a question. I have heard you singing over and over about telling Jesus your troubles. If you tell Him, why do you look so anxious? Doesn't He listen to you? Why, mother, when I tell you my troubles, I just know everything will be all right, because, when you say you will help me, I know you will. Just know—certain, sure! Don't you know certain, sure, that He will listen to you? When I get older I am going to talk

to Him and believe Him just as I do you. I try to do that now.

Mother—My child, you have opened my eyes to my own weakness. Never before have I realized that, just as I listen to you and help you, so my Father listens to me and helps me. He has promised over and over in His blessed word that He will answer when we call, yet I never have put the confidence in Him that you have in me. Hereafter I will lay my burdens at His feet and leave them there, instead of picking them up and taking them with me. Yes, God has given me many of the things I have asked of Him, just as I have given to you, but I have never trusted Him completely as you have me.

Daughter—That reminds me, mother dear, of a verse I learned at C. E.:

“Said the robin to the sparrow:

‘I would really like to know
Why these silly human beings
Rush about and worry so?’

“Said the sparrow to the robin:

‘I think that it must really be
That they have no heavenly Father,
Such as cares for you and me.’”

Mother—Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth those who fear Him. Let us bow our heads, my daughter, that we may thank Him for His tender care, and ask Him to teach us how to pray.

(Daughter kneels at mother's side. Solo voice sings “What a Friend We Have in Jesus.”)

[CURTAIN.]

TAKING PART IN THE MEETING—WHY AND HOW

(Col. 3:12-17)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVENGER

CHARACTERS.

JOHN WISE, C. E. President.

ERNEST WORKMAN, Vice-President.

MARY TYME, Chairman Social Committee.

JOY BELL, Chairman Music Committee.

GRACE DAY, Chairman Prayer-meeting Committee.

BILL SHEETS, Secretary and Treasurer.

Scene—A committee meeting in the C. E. room.

(The president and vice-president enter the room, with papers, etc., prepared for a committee meeting.)

John Wise (seating himself by the table, arranging his papers)—I called up each member of the executive committee and stressed the importance of this meeting. It is time they were here. If we are going to accomplish anything, we must get down to business. This is the third time I have called a meeting; each time I've had to put it off for something else. It seems to me our Christian service should come first. I don't believe in doing the Lord's work in this way.

Ernest Workman—Neither do I. Christian Endeavor is a fine thing if it is done in the right way. Of late our meetings on Sunday night have been put together like hash. The ones who come act as though they were at a ball game. It's time we did the Lord's work in the Lord's way.

John Wise—You are right. While we were in college we worked among people who were interested, who realized the value of C. E. They put their best efforts into it. Here it is different. The young people do not have the same interest. It is up to us to make our C. E. worth while.

Ernest Workman—Well, if any one can stir them up, you can.

(Enter Mary Tyme.)

Mary Tyme—I almost forgot the meeting, John. Glad you called me up. I hope we need not stay long; I am on my way to a party.

It's almost time to go now. [Looks at her watch. John and Ernest look at each other.]

(Enter Joy and Bill.)

Bill—Present! Sorry to be late. I was reading and did not notice how the time was passing. Young lady [turning to Joy], give an account of yourself.

Joy—We have company and I was busy entertaining them. Let's get this meeting over with. This afternoon Grace said that she wasn't coming.

Grace (entering)—But I got an S. O. S. from the president, and I came to help save the ship. [They laugh and all seat themselves.]

John—We will open our meeting with prayer. Ernest, will you lead us in prayer?

Ernest—Dear heavenly Father, we thank Thee for Thy Son and the life He lived upon the earth. We thank Thee for the privilege of serving Him, and for His example in His youth of being about His Father's business. May each of us seek first His kingdom, and learn to put first things first in our lives. We need Thee, Father, to direct our work. We are here to-night to plan the work for the young people of our local church. May we have the strength of purpose to go on, encouraging, uplifting and raising Thy standard among the people of this community. We believe in Christian Endeavor and the things for which it stands. Guide us in all we do for Thee, and lead us into the paths of truth for Thy name's sake. Amen.

John—I will read from Col. 3:12-17. [He reads.] Our society, as you know, needs something. Ernest and I, coming from a large college society, where much is accomplished, would like to see a different spirit created here. We must first become interested, if we would interest others. I have called this meeting in order to find out just what your plans and ideas are. As chairmen of committees, much depends upon each of you. Joy, what are your plans for the music this year? [He sits down.]

Joy—I haven't any. I supposed all I had to do was get something special now and then. The music committee doesn't have much to do.

John—I do not agree with you, Joy. Music is very important. Young people should be trained to appreciate good music. You should, with the help of your committee, be planning to improve our regular group singing. It gives you the opportunity to use talent that might otherwise lie dormant forever. There are many, who are now singing evangelists, who had their first encouragement in the C. E. meeting. To discover and use new singers and musicians is a part of your work.

To encourage them to dedicate their talent to be used in the Lord's work is your privilege. This training in C. E. is of great value to many boys and girls. And what better use could you make of your own musical education? Mary, what about the social times this winter? I am counting on you.

Mary—Like Joy, I must confess that I have not given the subject much thought. No one is interested. I was going to suggest that we give them up all together. There are so many other things going on, anyway. What do you think?

John—I think you are mistaken.

Ernest—Mary, you have the opportunity of a lifetime. With the ability you have you can do wonders. It is an art to be able to interest a group of young people, and help them to forget themselves in play. More and more people are being taught the value of wholesome play. Many of our young people have the ability to train in this line of service. There are openings in recreational centers for trained leaders—in churches, schools, community centers and public playgrounds. The foundation for this vocation can be laid in some lives if you will put forth the effort. The C. E. social can be a time where much good can be accomplished. Surely in this day and age of laxity and amusements that tend to moral weakening, we need the standard for a good time lifted high.

Mary—You are right. I am beginning to see why John and you are so thoroughly interested. I did not realize the deeper value of my work. As you were speaking, there flashed through my mind possibilities in James and Hazel. I will do my best to train leaders, as well as to plan happy, wholesome good times.

John—Thank you, Mary. And now, Grace, what are your plans for the most important of all, our prayer-meetings?

Grace—Like the rest, I had in the past the idea that all I had to do was to appoint leaders. But you make it seem so worth while that I am sure you can help me make of it a more worthy task.

John—Yours is a vital part of the work. The chairman of the lookout committee said he could not come to-night, but he is willing to do his share, provided he has something worth while inviting folks to. The prayer-meeting is the place where public speakers are in the making. It is a training-school in Christian ideals and service. Thousands of ministers, teachers, Christian leaders of all kinds, testify that they had their start in the C. E. prayer-meeting. To be able to express one's thoughts of the Christian life in public is something we are all the better for doing. You can help the young and timid on the road

to this achievement. The programs should be planned to instruct and inspire all who attend. All should be encouraged to take part.

Joy—Grace, your committee and mine can work together. I begin to feel as though I have a real task to perform. I am ready right now to give up going to the party, and staying here to make plans. We are going to have a regular society this year—the kind you read about. [They all applaud.]

John—That is fine—and we must all work together. Bill, do you have a report to give?

Bill—We have a lot of dead timber on the roll, but, with the society alive to its appointed task, I am certain we can regain all these and many more.

John—Yes, we can, if we will put forth the effort; and, with the help of our heavenly Father, let us all pray earnestly that our work may be such that we will be an example of the believers in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity. The value of C. E.! How much it offers! In the Quiet Hour we form the habit of daily prayer and Bible reading. We can do more than pray after we have prayed, but we can not do more than pray until we have prayed.

The activities of the C. E. and the prayer-meetings give us opportunities in many lines of service. The association with Christians who are endeavoring to live better and help make the world better; the constant companionship of the Christ as we seek to do His will—these are some of the real values of Christian Endeavor.

If we let Jesus have His way in our lives, we will find new joy, new strength, new fields of service opening up before us every day. Let us prepare our own hearts, as leaders of this great work, by kneeling and praying as we sing "Have Thine Own Way, Lord."

(They kneel and sing the first and last verses. They rise and repeat the Mizpah benediction in closing.)

[CURTAIN.]

WHAT IS WORSHIP?

(Ps. 95:1-6; John 4:20-24)

By IRMA B. IMHOFF

(A large, white cross is on a raised stand in center of platform. Christianity, a young woman in simple, white robes, stands at the right of cross. Convert, a young man in black robes, at the left of cross. Pilgrims, either sex in dark robes. Christianity carries a small hand-bell.)

Christianity—

What brings you here, O Convert?
What knowledge do you seek?

Convert—

I've just become a convert;
In wisdom I am weak.
What do you mean by "worship"?
Pray, from your wisdom speak.

Christianity—

What do we mean by "worship"?
To reverence, to adore,
The God we know as Father,
And thus our homage pour.

Convert—

And now, *why* should we worship
Our Lord and Creator?

Christianity—

Because He gave us being,
And all that gives us life;
Because He's always caring,
Through all our sin and strife;
Because through His redeeming
We have eternal life.

Convert—

And now, *how* should we worship?
This one thing more, pray tell.

Christianity—

There are many ways to worship;
Choose which you can do well,
As my pilgrims come to worship
At the ringing of the bell [rings bell].

Enter First Pilgrim—

I worship Him with singing,
And set His praises ringing.

(Sings first verse of "O Worship the King," after which he stands by side of Christianity.)

Enter Second Pilgrim (carries open Bible and reads John 4:20-24, after which he stands by side of Convert).

Enter Third Pilgrim (with scroll, who reads)—

Down deep within the heart of man
Is born the love of worship;
It seems to be a part of man,
This instinct we call worship.
Some worship gods of wood and stone,
Some worship wealth and glory;
I worship but one God alone,
And I love to tell the story.

Enter Fourth Pilgrim (who stands at foot of cross and with bowed head repeats Lord's Prayer, then takes stand by second Pilgrim).

Christianity—

Let us all now bow our heads
In silent meditation,
And worship Him within our hearts,
With prayer and supplication,
That we may have the spirit true
Of earnest consecration.

(They all bow heads and remain silent for a second while organist plays very softly "O Worship the King," and all through the benediction, which Christianity pronounces.)

MAKING MY BODY A FIT TEMPLE FOR GOD

(1 Cor. 3:16, 17; 6:19, 20)

By EVA R. BAIRD

Two characters, a young woman and a young man. The young woman must be able to play and sing, and the young man have a voice that will blend with hers in the final verse of song. The platform represents a living-room, giving the home effect, or simply the piano or organ may be used.

Young woman is seated at the piano, playing the hymn "Holy, Holy, Holy." She does not sing it, but plays expressively. Variations may be added if the player can improvise them; merely playing the hymn an octave higher than it is written gives variety. The playing finally dies away, and the young woman, still sitting at the piano, speaks, turning her face toward the audience.

Young Woman—Yes, God is holy. Must I be holy, too, if I would serve Him? It is a word so little used these days. Our modern world knows little of holiness. What is it? What is the Holy Spirit? And where does He abide? Why do I bother my head with such questions? Surely it is enough if I live as a respectable Christian. And yet—and yet— [She plays again softly, and but for a moment, then pauses again, and continues speaking.] I really want to serve God, but I am not much given to religious rapture. This is a practical world. I guess if I behave myself and do my work well, that is enough. But some way there always lingers with me a desire to "practice the presence of God," as some ancient saint put it. I should like to be holy because the Holy Spirit was dwelling in me. But what does that mean? Just words, isn't it? Oh, well, such things are too deep for me. [The young man, an architect or builder, enters. The young woman turns and speaks to him.] Well, how goes your work to-day? Which building have you been working on?

Young Man—The little chapel at Bayview. You must go with me to see it soon. It is the most nearly perfect thing I have done.

Young Woman—Tell me about it. Why is it more nearly perfect than your other buildings? It is just an ordinary little church, isn't it?

Young Man—No, that's just it; it isn't ordinary. It is being built

from a special fund which was set aside to build "a perfect house of worship." The specifications were that it did not have to be large, but that it must be perfect. So, neither pains nor expense has been spared. Every foundation-stone, every bit of cement, all the masonry and carpentry and finishing have been put in as nearly perfect as we could get them. The stained-glass windows are Tiffany's best, and the chimes are wonderful.

Young Woman—What is the idea of it all? Why such care for just a little country church?

Young Man—I think you get it in the inscription at the entrance: "The Lord will come to his temple." It is being made fit for Him.

Young Woman (musingly)—A temple for God! How wonderful! I wish I could build one myself. Oh, what is that St. Paul says? [She thinks a moment, and the young man looks at her expectantly.] Now I know: "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" According to that, we should do with our bodies what is being done with your perfect chapel. Feet, hands, eyes, ears, tongue—every part perfect! My whole body kept clean and strong, for "the Lord will come to his temple." Why, that is for us all. Come, sing my verse. I want to consecrate my all to Him, don't you?

(They sing together, to the tune "Holy, Holy, Holy," as the young woman plays it:)

Holy, holy, holy! Make my body worthy,

A fitting temple where my Lord may dwell;

Holy, holy, holy! Give me health and wisdom—

I shall be Thine, and then all will be well.

[CURTAIN.]

UPROOTING THE CAUSES OF WAR

By EVA R. BAIRD

(Acts 17: 24-31; Jas. 3: 13-18; 4: 1-3)

(Three girls stand with open Bibles. Three taller boys listen with seeming carelessness to their song. Boys' attitude changes to interest during the dialogue.)

The Three Girls (sing)—

"Sing them over again to me, wonderful words of life;

Let me more of their beauty see, wonderful words of life.

Words of life and beauty, teach me faith and duty;

Beautiful words, wonderful words, wonderful words of life."

First Boy (speaks in rather condescending manner)—Very pretty, very pretty. But what does your Bible mean? Plenty of life without it, I'd say.

First Girl (speaks earnestly, but with nothing of "preachiness")—Life, yes, but not the life of Jesus. The Bible teaches life that is always joyous, and that is full of splendid activity. There are no regrets in Jesus' wonderful way of living.

First Boy (wonderingly)—No regrets? Well, that might be worth while.

(He moves toward the girl, looking over her shoulder at the Bible in her hands, finally taking it into his as the next verse of song ends. Remains studying it as the dialogue continues.)

The Three Girls (sing)—

"Christ, the blessed One, gives to all, wonderful words of life;

Sinner, list to the loving call, wonderful words of life.

All so freely given, wooing us to heaven;

Beautiful words, wonderful words, wonderful words of life."

Second Boy (addresses second girl with more respect and interest than first boy, but still as an outsider)—Sin doesn't mean much any more—just misdirected energy. And heaven is rather far away, isn't it?

Second Girl (answers)—Why, no, heaven is within our hearts. When Christ is supreme in our lives the kingdom of heaven is within, as the Bible teaches. And then our lives are *directed*. Here is a book of

directions to guide our lives. It makes very plain that sin brings suffering and shows us the only way to escape.

Second Boy (eagerly)—A book of directions! I never thought of that. A Christ-guided life, why not? His was the greatest life that ever was lived. He may have mine. Give me the guide-book. [He takes the Bible from the girl's hands.]

The Three Girls (sing)—

“Sweetly echo the gospel call, wonderful words of life;
Offer pardon and peace to all, wonderful words of life.
Jesus, only Saviour, sanctify forever;
Beautiful words, wonderful words, wonderful words of life.”

Third Boy (speaks with deep earnestness)—I've been listening in, and I want these wonderful words of life too. But I want more than an echo of the gospel call, I want the call itself. Pardon and peace are wonderful words, to be sure, and, while they are not found much in our modern vocabulary, many surely need them. Does this Bible have other things we can interpret for to-day?

Third Girl (speaks)—Oh, yes, yes. New light is ever breaking from God's word. There are messages in it for individuals and for nations. When God's work is known and heeded and practiced, wars will cease. It is this Book that teaches the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Listen. [She reads Acts 17:24-28.]

(All kneel as first boy speaker prays:)

“God of the nations, near and far,
Ruler of all mankind,
Bless Thou Thy people as they strive
The paths of peace to find.
O Father! from the curse of war
We pray Thee give release,
And speed, oh, speed, the blessed day
Of justice, love and peace.”

[CURTAIN.]

WHAT SHOULD YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN EXPECT OF ONE ANOTHER?

(2 Pet. 1:2-11)

By EVA R. BAIRD

(Two characters, a young woman and a young man. The young woman stands alone on the platform, with a book in hand from which she reads quotation with which her speech opens. The young man also carries book in hand.)

Young Woman (in musing tone as she reads quotation)—“This above all: To thine own self be true, and it shall follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man.” So Shakespeare wrote. I wonder if his words fit to-day. It really has the modern sound, doesn’t it? Isn’t self-expression the slogan of our generation? When we shock our elders by our strange frankness and seeming immodesty, we say: “But *we* are sincere. You can know us for what we are. In your day your real self was concealed by the proprieties which you thought so necessary. But *we* express ourselves!”

Young Man (entering as she makes the last statement)—I’ll say we do; and the girls do most of the expressing.

Young Woman (in amazement)—What—what? What do you mean?

Young Man—Well, don’t you? We know you the first evening, and plumb the shallows of your nature in a week. There are no reserves, no distant depths; there is no charm of mystery or of the unattainable to lure us on.

Young Woman (with spirit)—But it is *your* fault. There is no place for the reserved, modest girl to-day. We have to be bold.

Young Man (meditatively)—I wonder [turns suddenly toward the young woman and speaks thoughtfully]—did you ever think what it would mean if we should be brave instead of bold? You’re likely right—that the fellows are to blame—but I’ll tell you a secret. Even when our boldness is challenging yours, and we’re calling our modern manners self-expression, a lot of us would doff our hats to a girl who is brave enough to be her own modest, reserved self.

Young Woman—You make me wonder too. Could it be that all our boasted self-expression is just bluff, and that we’re not expressing

our real selves at all? What would happen, do you suppose, if we followed this Shakespearian advice and to our own selves were true?

Young Man—I know what would happen, and so do you. Here is it by a more modern poet than Shakespeare. [Reads:]

“There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are brave and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

“Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

“For life is the mirror of king and slave,
’Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.”

Young Woman—Let’s try it.

Young Man—Let’s try it together.

(Young woman and young man sing as duet, or unseen singers may sing:)

“I will be true, for there are those who trust me;
I will be pure, for there are those who care;
I will be strong, for there is much to suffer;
I will be brave, for there is much to dare.

“I will be friend to all, the foe, the friendless;
I will be giving, and forget the gift;
I will be humble, for I know my weakness;
I will look up, and love and laugh and lift.”

[CURTAIN.]

THANKSGIVING THROUGH THANKS-LIVING

(Ps. 116: 12-14, 17-19)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVENGER

(Girl enters with a package under arm:)

I just passed the Giver of gifts by the way;
He said, "My friend, take this gift to-day."
So I took the box, and now I must see
Just what it is that has been given to me.

[She opens the box, exclaims.]

A book! I declare, isn't that fine?
I'll just seat myself and glance at a line.

[Sits down, opens book.]

Why, the pages are blank! [Looks closer.] Oh! here are
some words. [Reads.]

"My friend, your complaining in heaven is heard;
The angels above have your record there.
Of blessings, you say, you have not your share;
So, here is a book; write here every day
The things for your comfort you find on the way.
Be careful that nothing you neglect to record—
Remember each smile, each kind, spoken word.
'Tis the small things, not big things, in life you will find
Are the ones that mean most to all humankind."

[Looks up in surprise.]

Well, now, what do you think of that?
Yes, to-day I complained of my old winter hat.
Sara and Mary have lots more than I;
My blessings are few [sighs], but then I will try
To write them all down and faithful I'll be
A record to keep for the Master to see [writes].
Blessing No. 1; where shall I begin?
Of course, the dear Saviour who saved me from sin;
Then mother and father, my home and my friends—
The blessings all rush through my mind without end:

The trees and the flowers, the sunshine and rain,
The clear, cooling water, the tall, waving grain,
The church and the school, are fine blessings too.
Just see my list grow—there are more than a few;
I hope every one who complains as did I
Will receive such a book from the angels on high.
To keep this record is quite a surprise;
It does make me think, and opens my eyes
To bountiful blessings I forgot to record
From a wonderful giver, my Maker and Lord.
'Tis not New Year's yet, but a resolution I'll make
To remember my blessings each morning I wake;
To thank Him each day for His goodness to me,
And try for His sake a blessing to be.
This book is a wonder, my heart is so gay,
I'm glad I met the Giver of gifts by the way.
My life was so dreary, but now it is bright;
The blessings of Heaven have made my heart light.
But many there are with lives bent with care;
I'll be on my way my blessings to share.

(As she leaves the room the song leader starts "Make Me a Blessing," or "Count Your Many Blessings.")

[CURTAIN.]

WHY IS CHRISTIANITY A MISSIONARY RELIGION?

(Matt. 28: 18-20)

By DICIE M. RITTENHOUSE

CHARACTERS.

SPIRIT OF MISSIONARY SERVICE (wearing flowing, white robe with girdle, a narrow, silver band about her head; she carries a tall, lighted candle).

FOUR OTHER GIRLS (in ordinary attire).

ONE JUNIOR GIRL (the youngest, smallest girl capable of taking the part).

Curtain rises, showing the three girls seated at left center. Near center of platform is a small table on which are four small, unlighted candles, one of which must have its wick thoroughly soaked in water, so that it can not be lighted. These candles are concealed under small cloth.

(Spirit of Missionary Service enters from right, carrying her lighted candle. Halts by small table and addresses the three girls. She speaks slowly and effectively.)

S. M. S.—I am the Spirit of Missionary Service. I dwell in the hearts of all who love their fellow-men so truly that they are willing and anxious to *work* and to *give* all they can, so that God's word may be taught all over the world.

This light stands for missionary service, for it is through the missionary work that God's word is carried to brighten and glorify the dark places of the earth.

Every one who helps with this work has a light all one's own, which is kindled at this flame.

First Girl—It is a clear and beautiful light. And every one has such a light of one's own, did you say?

S. M. S.—Every one who helps to carry on the missionary work.

First Girl (despondently)—Well, I know that there is no light for me. I haven't been able to do or give a thing to the missionary cause. Not a thing.

S. M. S.—Not a thing? Think real hard.

First Girl—Well, I suppose you've all noticed that I am wearing

my old bird's nest of a last year's hat? Well, I got my mother to let me put the price of a new one in our missionary fund, but that's all I've done. That isn't enough to give me a light.

S. M. S. (who has quietly uncovered the candles)—Suppose you try it and see.

(First girl hesitatingly advances to table, takes up one of the unlighted candles and lights it at the flame of candle held by *S. M. S.*, then stands, smiling delightedly, holding her candle aloft.)

Second Girl—Why, of course there would be a light for one who could give the price of a *whole new hat* to the missionary fund. I'm wearing *my* old hat, too, but I haven't had the price of a new one to spend for what I please, as did you. I'd be ashamed for any one to know how little money I have to spend as I please.

S. M. S.—Did you give any of it to the missionary work?

Second Girl—Oh, yes; all I could, but it was so little. I am sure that there is no light for me.

S. M. S. (holding out an unlighted candle)—I'm sure that there is a light for one who shares the little that she has.

(Second girl advances doubtfully, accepts the candle and holds it to the flame, and is much amazed and delighted when it lights. She takes her place beside the first girl.)

Third Girl—I am sure that there is a light for me, for some of these times I am going to go to work in earnest and study and be a famous writer or painter or singer or sculptor—anyway, a famous *something or other*—and then I'm going to give *millions* to the missionary cause. Think of it! *Millions!*

S. M. S.—Don't you do anything now for the missionary work?

Third Girl—No, indeed. I need all my time and my money for my own self now, but after while I'll give loads of money, so I'm very sure that there is a light for me.

(Third girl advances to table, and, with much assurance and self-confidence, takes up candle with dampened wick and vainly attempts to light it at the Spirit's candle.)

Third Girl—Why, it doesn't light! It really doesn't light! Isn't that very, very strange?

S. M. S.—No, it is *not* strange. There is no light for the idle boaster—the maker of empty promises.

(As the third girl stands, crestfallen, holding her unlit candle, the Junior comes timidly in from left and stands, looking shyly around her.)

S. M. S.—Well, little girl, aren't you going to find out if there is a light for you?

Junior (shaking her head emphatically)—Oh, I'm very sure there isn't.

S. M. S.—Don't you do anything for the missionary work?

Junior—Not the tiniest thing, except, of course, when my daddy gives me a penny for bringing him his slippers, I put it in our missionary-box. I want all the other little boys and girls in the world to hear about Jesus, but that's not really helping, because it is so little.

(*S. M. S.* smilingly offers *Junior* girl a candle, and the little girl, with doubting air, advances and lights her candle. She is much amazed when it lights.)

Junior—Goodness gracious me! It can't be my light. It must be yours. [She offers it to third girl.]

Third Girl—No, it is yours. But I am going to stop my boasting and dreaming, and begin doing and giving, and perhaps some day there will be a light for me. [*S. M. S.* nods a smiling assent.]

(All the girls kneel. *S. M. S.* stands with arms outstretched over them as if in blessing. Those kneeling then sing:)

“Take my silver and my gold,
Not a mite would I withhold;
Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

“Take my love, my Lord; I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.”

(If *S. M. S.* can sing, she may sing the song, substituting the words “their” for “my,” and “they” for “I.” If preferred, concealed singers may sing the song.)

[CURTAIN.]

WHAT IS BACK OF OUR CHRISTMAS GIVING?

(Matt. 2: 1-11; 1 Cor. 13: 3)

By DICIE M. RITTENHOUSE

CHARACTERS.

GREAT-AUNT MARY (girl made up to resemble an elderly lady).

COUSIN RUTH (girl in plain, neat, but old, clothing).

VOICE (a C. E. member with clear, carrying voice, concealed from view of audience; to be heard, but not seen).

FOUR C. E. BOYS AND GIRLS (in usual attire and seated in accustomed places in the C. E. room).

Curtain rises, showing Great-aunt Mary seated near center of platform, facing audience. Before her is a small table piled high with Christmas gifts.

(As Great-aunt Mary unwraps first package, looks at it and lays it rather ruefully aside, one of the four C. E. boys or girls speak.)

Boy or Girl—I gave Great-aunt Mary that purple shawl. It took three dollars of my Christmas money, too, but I knew that she would expect me to give her something, for she always gives me real costly presents at Christmas and on my birthday, and I am to graduate from high school next June, so— [A shrug of the shoulders and an expressive wave of both hands complete the sentence.]

Voice—But your Great-aunt Mary never wears shawls, and she does not like purple.

C. E. Member—I know that, but I couldn't help it. It was the most expensive-looking thing that I could find for three dollars.

(Great-aunt Mary lays shawl aside and opens another of her gifts.)

Second C. E. Member—I gave her that green bathing-cap. Florence Parsons gave it to me last year, and it just looked horrid on me, and, anyway, I just had to give Great-aunt Mary something.

Voice—Where will she wear that cap? In her bathtub?

Second C. E. Member—Well, I had to give her *something*.

(Great-aunt Mary looks at the cap with a melancholy smile, shakes her head sadly, lays the cap beside the shawl. Opens the third package.)

Third C. E. Member—I gave Great-aunt Mary those green, silk

stockings. Got 'em off the bargain counter at the last minute, just as the store was closing Christmas Eve. I'd forgotten all about her, and she always gives me something. I remembered to get her something, just in time to save my face.

Fourth C. E. Member—We all of us have given Great-aunt Mary a Christmas gift, except poor Cousin Ruth, who never has a penny to spend on herself, or on any one else, poor thing!

(As Great-aunt Mary sits looking down at pile of gifts, as if she dreaded to open the other packages, Ruth comes in on tiptoe. She is carrying a blooming, potted plant. She sets plant on floor and slips up and puts her hands over Great-aunt Mary's eyes.)

Cousin Ruth—Guess who?

Great-aunt Mary—It must be Ruth.

Ruth—Aunt Mary, please shut your eyes tight as wax for a moment. No; I'll blindfold you; you might peek.

(Ruth blindfolds Great-aunt Mary with purple shawl, places plant on table, then removes shawl.)

Great-aunt Mary (laying cheek caressingly against the plant)—Oh, Ruth, how did you guess? Oh, I have wanted one ever since I saw Mrs. Martin's.

Ruth—I know you have. I heard you tell mother so, away last June, so I straightway traded one of my geraniums to Mrs. Martin for a tiny slip, and just look at it now. I have loved and petted it until it just had to grow.

Great-aunt Mary—Dear Ruth, what a precious gift! It is a true symbol of our Saviour's birthday, for it means love and thought and care and sacrifice, just as all gifts bestowed upon this day should; for Christ was God's gift to the world, and we are the objects of His thoughtful care. Through His supreme sacrifice He has given us the greatest of all gifts—the gift of eternal life. Let us never forget that in our Christmas giving.

[CURTAIN.]

WHAT HAVE YOUNG PEOPLE TO GIVE?

(2 Cor. 8:1-15)

By DAISY M. MOORE

CHARACTERS—Six girls, or boys, all of whom can sing. Each should bear a cardboard poster done in India ink.

No. 1 bears the words "I give my;" No. 2, "Heart;" No. 3, "Time;" No. 4, "Money;" No. 5, "Talents," and No. 6, "To Jesus."

No. 1 and No. 6, preferably, sing first song as duet. The last song is sung in unison. It is well to select two or three voices that can take alto parts.

The last song can be had in sheet form from Harold C. Lowden, Twentieth and Cherry Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

If suggested songs can not be located, other suitable ones may be substituted.

While singing duet, neither holds poster. After that, No. 1 takes up hers and makes her speech. Each in turn takes place with poster and gives speaking part. When all are in line, the audience will read from posters: "I give my heart, time, money, talents, to Jesus."

(Director shall decide where the posters shall be held, and how.)

Duet by No. 1 and No. 6—"I Dreamed that a Stranger Once Came to My Door" (in "New Songs of Praise and Power, No. 3," Hall-Mack, Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.).

No. 1—When I have within my possession something which delights me, what is it gives me more pleasure than just to enjoy that thing alone?

Sharing that joy with another; to have one I love to taste of the delight I know. It is always so; it has always been so. The thing which gives me pleasure may delight the eye, please the ear, cater to my sense of taste. It may be a book which I have read, or a soul satisfaction of a different kind. Whatever it may be, the fact remains that my enjoyment is doubled by the sharing—by giving of what I have to one whom I love.

Truly it is more blessed to give than to receive, and when the One to whom we give is Jesus, our blessings increase many-fold.

(No. 2 sings "O Jesus, Thou Art Standing." Number of verses optional.)

No. 2—Jesus never forces Himself upon us. He stands at the door of our hearts and knocks. He pleads with us for entrance, but never intrudes Himself. We must give our hearts cheerfully, willingly, to Him. Let us invite Him into our hearts to reign there. With our hearts given to Jesus, we shall long to give time, money and talents to Him. When we give Him our hearts, He gives us far more in peace and joy and love.

(No. 3 sings second verse of "Take My Life and Let It Be.")

No. 3—"I don't have time!" How often we hear this reply when one is asked to do something. Do not forget that you and I have all the time there is—twenty-four hours every day. Who gives us this time? Who gives us the day for work and play, the night for blessed sleep and relaxation? Is it right for us to accept this great gift of time from *God*, and in turn refuse to use some of it for the advancement of His work?

Next time you are asked to take up some work for Jesus, do a bit of serious thinking before you answer, "I don't have time!"

(No. 4 sings likewise second verse of "Take My Life and Let It Be.")

No. 4—Some of us, it is true, have not much money and can not give large gifts to any cause. But Jesus knows our means and He never expects more from us than we are able to give. You remember how Jesus spoke of the widow who cast her mite into the offering? She was poor and had little to give. But of that little she *gave*. How her heart must have rejoiced when the Master commended her gift. It meant more of sacrifice to her than huge sums of money would have meant to the rich.

(No. 5 sings first verse of "Take My Life and Let It Be.")

No. 5—Often we insist that we have no talents, when we really would resent it if some one else said of us that there was nothing we are fitted to do. We use this poor plea to slip out of doing our duty in Sunday school, church and Christian Endeavor. Be honest with yourself and God. God may have given you a sweet voice; use it when asked to sing.

If you are a good speaker, say something when called upon. You may play well; you might be an organizer or have an aptitude for entertainment. Use your talent when it is needed, and rest assured that the abilities you have shall always be increased by using them. Talent is one thing that never wears out by being used!

No. 6—We *do* like to give gifts; every one of us has experienced the joy of giving.

We do not give in order to be rewarded; we give because we love to do it.

But when we give to Jesus we are most richly rewarded.

To whom, then, shall we give ungrudgingly our hearts, our time, our money and our talents?

All (answer in unison)—To Jesus.

(All unite in singing “Living for Jesus.” “All to Jesus I Surrender” might be substituted, but the former is preferable.)

[CURTAIN.]

HOW CHRISTMAS SETS THE WHOLE WORLD SINGING

(Luke 2:1-14)

By ESTHER C. AVERILL

Neutral-colored curtains are hung so that there is room back of them for the various tableaux. Platform in front of curtains should be bare. A blue light gives the appearance of cold cheerlessness.

The organ plays "Come, Ye Disconsolate."

(A figure slowly and painfully makes its way from rear up center aisle to platform. The figure is stooped and carries a staff. A gray mantle entirely conceals the personality of the figure. A large, heavy burden is tied upon back of figure. When the figure reaches center of platform, music ceases and character speaks.)

Humanity—I am Humanity. I am the personification of all races and all people. My path has been rough, my lot hard and my burden heavy. I cry for succor, but none comes to my aid. Even God must be deaf to my call. It seems as if I must perish under this heavy load which I can no longer bear alone. To-night I have followed a strange impulse which guided me here to Bethlehem of Judea. Why I am here I know not, but I could not keep away. Oh that here to-night I might find rest, a loving friend to help me, a hope to light my dreary way! But ah, no, that can not be!

(The organ plays softly "The Funeral March," by Chopin. A group of gray-mantled figures passes across platform and disappears. They are stooped and each carries a burden. Some stagger as they pass, and all appear weary.)

Humanity—Thus pass my children, unhappy slaves tied to burdens too heavy to bear. They are weary and heavy laden, and can not find rest. Their yoke is heavy. They mourn and are not comforted. They die and are no more. Bitter indeed is the lot of Humanity's children. They are sheep without a shepherd. They are pilgrims in a strange land. Even hope lies dead in their breasts.

(A bell rings. Silence. A star all aglow appears over platform. The organ breaks forth softly, and then louder, as it continues in notes of "O Little Town of Bethlehem.")

A Voice Sings—

“O little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark street shineth the everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thee to-night.”

Humanity (listening intently until the song ends)—What is this strain that falls upon my ear? It fills my breast with peace. Can help at last be drawing near to save me from my doom? [The light becomes green.] But I am aweary. I shall die unless succor comes speedily. Help! I perish! [Drops to the floor.] Help, I pray!

(The organ plays “It Came upon a Midnight Clear.” An angel dressed all in white passes up aisle from rear and onto platform. She carries a torch aloft in her right hand. This is made of a flashlight covered with crepe-paper, and the bulb covered with Christmas-tree snow. The angel touches Humanity and speaks.)

Angel—Faint not, Humanity. Help is at hand. Arise, and praise the living God, that at last your salvation has come. The days of thy bondage are at an end. From this day forth and for evermore thou and thy children shall be free. “Fear not, for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people.”

(Humanity arises and stands fearfully and wonderingly before the angel. A warm, yellow light floods the platform. A group of white-clad children dressed as angels passes across platform, singing:)

“Joy to the world, the Lord is come; let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare Him room, and heaven and nature sing.”

(The angel goes to one side during the singing of hymn.)

Humanity—I know not what this vision forebodes. Pray tell me, angel of hope. New strength flows in my veins. Whence cometh this power? A strange happiness fills my heart. Even the world appears in a different light. Open my eyes that I may see the Cause of this birth of new hope, I pray.

Angel—Come with me and I will show you a wondrous sight, the like of which was never seen before.

(Humanity passes to side of angel. The organ plays “Holy Night.” Lights are dimmed. At extreme left of platform a bright light appears. Curtains are drawn, showing Mary with babe in her arms. The child is shown as a light coming from a concealed flashlight. Joseph stands by her side. The angels drop to their knees in adoration. The light spreads over the entire platform. The music ceases.)

Angel (standing)—Frail Humanity, before you now is the Saviour for whom you have cried. To-night thou hast seen the beginning of a new day for thee and thy children. This child will grow in strength and grace and power until one day He shall free the whole world from the bondage of sorrow and sin and death.

Humanity—But how can such a tiny babe help me? My burden is so heavy that even I, a full-grown being, can not bear it alone. That child can not save me before I perish.

Angel—Be still and wait. All things are possible to Him.

(The organ plays "There's a Beautiful Star." A figure dressed in green robes, carrying an armful of flowers, enters the rear of auditorium and makes its way to platform. The figure kneels before Mary and her child. A green light shines upon group.)

Nature—I am Nature. To-night I come to pay homage to a power higher than myself. This tiny babe has my oceans for His toys. He rules the stars in their courses. The winds and the rains obey His will. He gathers the birds under His wing, and knows the flowers as His friends. He rules all my forces, and I am but His humble servant. Therefore I bow before my King and Master.

(The organ plays "We Three Kings of Orient Are." A red light shines. The three kings pass up center aisle to platform, carrying, one gold, one frankincense, and the last myrrh. They sing as they pass:)

"We three kings of Orient are, bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain, moor and mountain, following yonder star."

(Upon platform each king raises his left hand toward the star as they all sing:)

"Star of wonder, star of night, star with royal beauty bright,
Westward leading, still proceeding, guide us to thy perfect light."

(The first king places his golden bowl near the child and his mother. He kneels and sings:)

"Born a King on Bethlehem's plain, gold I bring to crown Him
again;
King forever, ceasing never, over all to reign."

(The second king kneels and places an incense-burner at feet of the child who rests in his mother's arms.)

"Frankincense to offer have I; incense owns a Deity nigh;
Prayer and praising, all men raising, worship Him, God on high."

(The third king kneels and presents a jug or jar representing myrrh. He sings:)

“Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume breathes a life of gathering gloom:

Sorrowing, sighing, bleeding, dying, sealed in the stone-cold tomb.”

(During singing, mother gazes at her babe, unmindful of what is happening about her. The light becomes clear white. The organ plays “We Would See Jesus.” A child passes up aisle, dressed in blue and shrouded with a soft gray veil. A voice sings:)

“We would see Jesus; lo, His star is shining above the stable where the angels sing;

There in a manger, on the hay reclining; haste, let us lay our gifts before the King.”

(The child kneels before the holy One.)

Future Generations—I am Future Generations. I come to kneel before One who has entered the world to become a sacrifice for my sins. I shall labor and tire not. Because of Him my yoke will be easy and my burden light. When I mourn I shall be comforted, and when I die I shall live again. He will be my Father, and I His child. Because of this babe my path shall lead to endless day. “His mercy shall be on them that fear him from generation to generation.”

(All is silent. Humanity turns to angel and speaks.)

Humanity—Mysterious sights have passed before my eyes which I can not comprehend. This tiny babe brings every one to His feet. And I would worship Him too. I have but now seen my children of future generations free and happy because of Him. I would thank Him for their salvation. But, ah! that He had been born long years ago, so that He might have taken away this burden from me!

Angel—Kneel, Humanity, in humbleness before your Lord, acknowledging Him, and you will receive your reward, richly given.

Humanity—I ask no reward for myself. It is enough that I have seen the child that will some day bring God’s kingdom to men.

(Humanity kneels with Nature, the Kings and Future Generations. Mary looks away from her babe for the first time, smiling down upon Humanity. Humanity timidly touches the edge of the swaddling-cloth of the babe. Suddenly the burden falls off Humanity’s back. The organ bursts forth in the “Halleluiah Chorus,” by Handel. Humanity arises and stands erect. She throws off the gray mantle and stands revealed as a lovely maiden clothed in red. Music continues softly.)

Humanity—And the first gift from the Holy Child was to me, poor, weary, heavy-laden Humanity. That gift divine was life more abundant. No more shall I be weary and bowed down, because the child has loosed the bonds which held me, and I am free—free to live and work and strive for Him, free to love Him and to call Him Master. For He shall ever reign where my children dwell. “Praise ye the Lord; oh, give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good; for his mercy endureth for ever.”

(The organ plays louder. The children of Humanity enter in robes of pastel shades. They are without their burdens. They take Future Generations among them and cluster around Humanity.)

Humanity—Sing praises, children of mine, for to-day our Saviour has come to take away our burdens and to bring us life more abundant unto that perfect day when all things will be made new, and we shall dwell with Him forever in glory. Praise ye the Lord.

(All the group join in singing, with the exception of those in tableau:)

“Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty; early in the morning our songs shall rise to Thee;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty! God in three Persons, blessed Trinity.”

[CURTAIN.]

YOUTH'S NEEDS THAT CHRIST CAN MEET

(Matt. 4: 1-11; Heb. 4: 14-16)

By ROSE WEAVER CLEVENGER

(A small booth is fixed up on platform. At top are words "Life's Store," and in smaller words below, "Needs of Youth Supplied." Various articles are on the counter: *C. E. World*, hung in conspicuous place with a few other good magazines, and the Bible, where it can be seen on the counter. Behind the counter stands a boy to represent a merchant. Two boys and two girls enter, one at a time, and go up to booth, looking over wares. As they examine the articles displayed, the merchant sings first and third verses of "The King's Business." At the close one of the girls speaks.)

First Girl—So you are an ambassador of the King. Perhaps you can tell me what the King expects of me. I would be reconciled to Him and serve Him faithfully.

Merchant (picking up the Bible; the others lay down their articles and listen)—This Book will tell you all He requires. It will prepare you for the warfare of life.

First Boy—I will purchase the Book. I would learn more of what youth needs to fight the battles of life. [Takes the Bible and opens it. The others look over his shoulder as he reads Eph. 6: 11-17.]

Second Boy—I would have this armor. Can I purchase it from you?

Merchant—The Master will supply it if you will serve Him.

First Boy—I want it.

Second Boy—So do I.

First Girl—I would wear it also.

Second Girl—And so would I. Tell us more of the things we need to help us make a success of our lives.

(Merchant takes the Bible, opens it and reads 1 Tim. 4: 12.)

First Boy—Read more.

(Merchant reads 1 Tim. 6: 5-11.)

Second Girl—Is it hard to live up to these things? I would like to do them, but I am so weak. I am afraid I would fail.

First Boy—That is the way I feel. However, I am willing to try.

Merchant—The Master will help you. You can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth you. He was tempted like as we are. He knows the way. [Opens Bible and reads Heb. 4:14-16.]

First Girl—It is wonderful to think of a life lived in His service. I will use my life to tell other boys and girls about Him.

Second Girl—How glad I am that we came this way.

First Boy—I will tell other boys about His armor.

Second Boy—We must be on our way. Thank you for telling us of these things which will help us on life's upward march.

Merchant—You are welcome. Take this Book with you. Read it faithfully and follow its teachings. You can not fail if you are true to its ideals and remember that God can supply all your needs according to His riches in glory in Jesus Christ.

First Girl—Read something more to us before we go.

(*Merchant* reads Romans, twelfth chapter. They sing "I Need Thee Every Hour," first, second and fourth verses.)

[CURTAIN.]

This book may be kept

FOURTEEN DAYS

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